

1983

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Patterns

Twenty-fifth Edition

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The 25th Edition
of
PATTERNS

A Publication of
St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan

Preface

Patterns continues to exist as one of the few traditions bridging the former PHJC with the present SCCCC in its 60 years of community college changes. The 25th edition presents not only the winners and selected entries of the writing and art contests, but special features for the Silver Anniversary Edition, beginning with a Dedication to the woman who founded **Patterns**. She has also written an interesting history of its beginnings and growth as a worthwhile magazine of student creativity and has permitted us to print two of her own published poems.

The inside covers list students who have, in the past 25 years, been published in **Patterns**, while an article highlights activities of some after they left the college. The first recipient of the Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award is named, and a salute of appreciation is given to the Friends of the Arts whose financial donations provided the Silver Lining needed for this Silver Anniversary Edition.



Door

by Josie Lelowicz

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*Permanent Collection of SCCCC

Dedication

The Silver Anniversary edition of PATTERNS is fondly dedicated to its founder, Miss Blanche Redman, a former teacher of English and German at PHJC/SCCCC, whose vision and dedicated efforts created the dream we continue with each publication.

CREATING PATTERNS

She dreamed of beauty
evolving patterns with imaginary spun light
out of haunting shadows of longing
seeking creativity's aerial flight.
She believed in truth
emerging rhythms of expressive rebirth
out of piercing echoes of becoming
freeing artistry's wisdom on earth.
In its beginning
her dream evolved strongly believing
in the shaping significance
of both line and word,
her dream revolves interpretively conceiving
innovative reflective patterns,
youth yearning to be heard.

by Susanna Defever

Twenty-five years later, that little lady with a dream is still the same. The beginnings of PATTERNS was just another step in a long career as teacher, writer, and friend of the arts for this remarkable woman. Since her retirement from the college, she has resided in Davenport, Iowa, where she still writes regularly and is the prime mover in the Iowa Writers League. Several of her poems have been published and have brought her well-deserved recognition. We are pleased to print a few of her poems in this issue. One of them, "The Visit," won first place in the Iowa Poetry Day Association contest in which she was named Writer of the Year.

Over the years PATTERNS has brought recognition to the college as an impressive literary magazine of student work; with this issue PATTERNS honors the person whose commitment to the creative arts and to education made this possible: we salute Blanche Redman.



Trees

by Barb Gorko

First, Take One Red Ripe Tomato

by Blanche Redman

Today I found a vine with one red ripe tomato in the sun
like when I stopped to wonder at the wild white
morning glory
when I was only nine and walking in the weeds
and the sun sneaked through and pinched me on the arm.
And God spoke to me then (I think He did) and said:
Always remain a kid.
And I did and got spanked all my life from then to now.
Today I drank my red tomato in the sun,
mine not grand like Keats' nectar or Hopkins'
dappled-down-dilly,
but going where it went - sweet and red and warm.
Today I winked at God, and He winked back at me.
I think He did.

(reprinted from *The DeKaib Literary Arts Journal*, 1976,
first published in the *Portland Oregonian*)



Blanche Redman

The Visit

by Blanche Redman

Sunday sunshine streams
into the just-like-home public room.
The younger man folds his father close.
The old resident, bone-thin in billowing pajamas,
a caricature like some remnant
of Hitler's Holocaust, hinting horror,
buries his face into folds
of rich young flesh.
It smells of shaving-cream and laundry-fresh linen.

The son cradles his father closer,
lets him cry to the shared end
of their two-fold grief.

(reprinted from *The DeKaib Literary Arts Journal*, 1983,
accepted for publication in the Ball State University journal,
Forum)

PATTERNS and How It Grew

by Blanche Redman

In 1958 where in the world did I get the idea of a literary journal for students of the college? Teaching English and German classes, I had long since set aside any writing on my own.

One afternoon a young student, Allan Steele, came to my office and insisted that I listen to some of his taped poems. I had not had him in any class and did not then know his name. We went to a vacant classroom to join a fellow student. They had taped the poems in their car on the road, Allan reading aloud. From the unwinding tapes, it was clear he had talent. The thought must have drifted through my mind: If students cared this much, where was I?

A contest and a journal they would have, somehow. Could I swing it? First, I would have to get permission to try. That, in my rosy vision, did not bother me. I boldly went with my proposal to Dean James Browning. Without a moment's hesitation, he said, sure, go ahead (or words to that effect); put one out each semester. I protested that in two-year colleges the turn-over of students is fast and, above all, they are not mature enough. We settled for one issue a year.

On that last point concerning maturity of students, I was wrong. Enrolled were war veterans, fathers, mothers, older students from foreign countries, some refugees from World War II Europe, and, among others, many already successful in the business world. They probably knew and understood more about this world and its inhabitants than I ever did or would know.

From the beginning, the magazine was to be free. No fee from students. The college would pay all bills including printing. How could one hope for more?

In 1959, the first issue appeared, named THE GREEN MASK. Why? I cannot recall a specific reason except that one of our committee, Margaret Wedge, was chairman of Speech and Drama. Alton Reeves, who taught courses of the finest of Fine Arts, joined Mrs. Wedge and me as the first committee. We met and planned during an afternoon hour free from classes in Reeves' combined office and classroom. A small kettle of tea from his hot plate helped to fortify us.

For a modest and cautious beginning, we offered only two categories: poetry and short story. Money conscious, we published only the First Honors of each: Allan Steele and Keith Laducer. The first issue, THE GREEN MASK, nearly broke my heart. It seemed feeble and amateurish, not worthy of the students' work.

Pale green construction paper served as front and back covers. Our double-spaced typing went to off-set printing, cutting costs. The printer gave me the loose pages and covers punched by two holes on the left margin. We were to take it from there. Two students and I one evening in my office worked, paginating in separate stacks from the pile of loose sheets. With that in order, how was I going to put them together, cover to cover? My bright idea was to draw white yarn threaded with gold (for a little class) through the holes and tie a dainty bow or knot.

When in 1959 we finally distributed THE GREEN MASK, the students loved it. Dean Browning sent a note of congratulations. In the second year, 1960, we went professional when Dean Browning urged me to go to the "best printer in town" and turn out a slick copy. Our committee decided on a new title. From several suggestions, we agreed on PATTERNS. Thus it has remained. That edition contained the first Personal Essay category and the cover design was the first of many of student artists.

In 1961 Max Smith, Assistant to the Provost at MSU, asked for a "half dozen" copies of PATTERNS to distribute in their English department. They were sent. In a letter dated April 17, 1961, Warner G. Rice, Chairman of English Language and Literature at U of M, wrote there is "good reason to be proud of PATTERNS." He extended congratulations and good wishes.

By 1962 the Art Department was playing a vital role in PATTERNS. In 1963 another category of writing, the Critical Essay, was added to those of Poetry, Short Story, and Personal Essay. In 1965 Richard J. Colwell of the English Department joined the roster of judges and committee. He has remained a loyal, dedicated innovator and enthusiastic worker in the PATTERNS family.

A letter in 1965 from John C. Gerber, Chairman of the English Department, State University of Iowa (now University of Iowa), was especially meaningful for me. I had learned with pain in classes, seminars, and thesis that John Gerber's standards for compliments were tough. Of PATTERNS he said it "is one of the better college literary magazines" and "astonishingly good" for two-year college level.

The year 1968 was one of change. The name of the college was changed from Port Huron Junior College to St. Clair County Community College. That year marked the tenth anniversary of PATTERNS and the Preface from that issue sums up the sense of accomplishment shared in its continued publication:

For me personally, this decade culminates in a deep sense of gratification and renewed faith - - faith that young Americans will ever find in the rhythm and idiom of their native tongue the most human means of communicating some aspect of the life we all share.

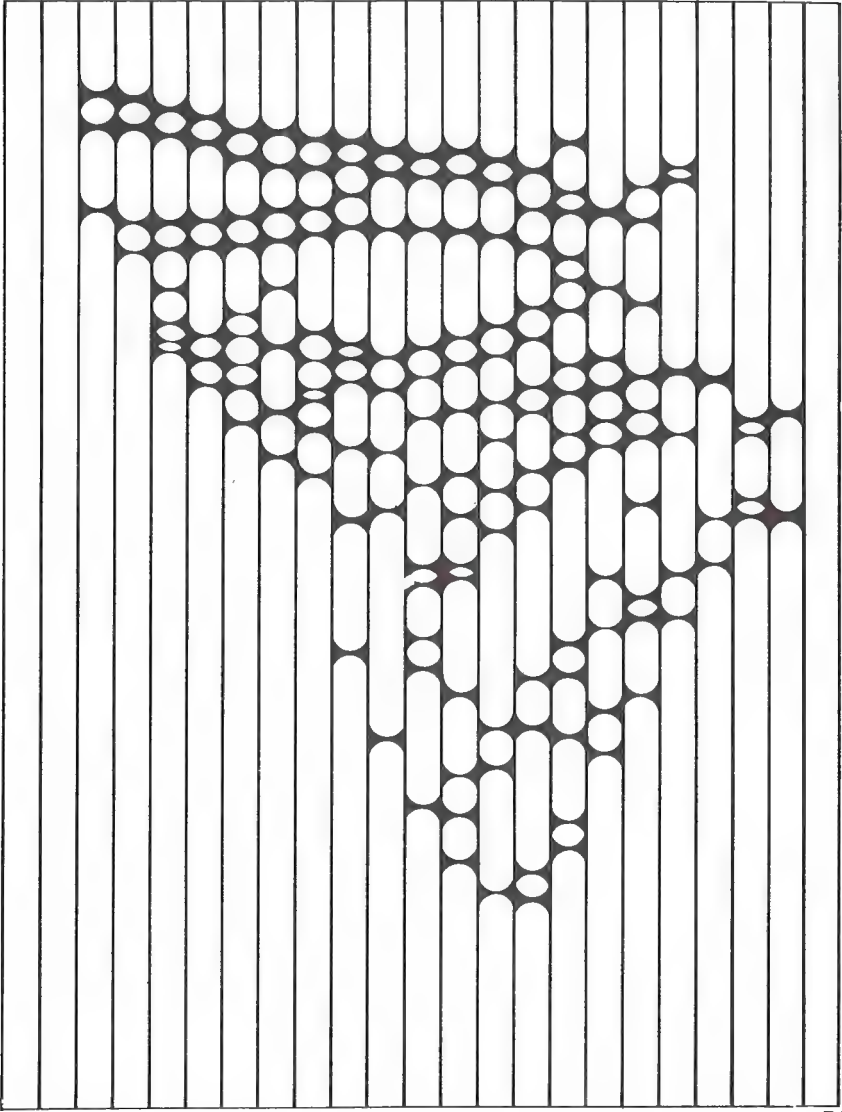
In the early years, distribution of PATTERNS was rigid. The method did indeed add to students' excitement and anticipation. At exactly 8:00 a.m. - - not a second before or after by the wall clock - - the jam of students in the the main lower hall moved up to sign for single copies. The supply was gone within the hour.

The year 1969 marked eleven wonderful years for me with PATTERNS. At the same time, according to Michigan law, it marked my retirement from the classroom and all that had become the most important part of my life. In the final issue under my direction, two staunch supporters of PATTERNS were recognized. In the first of many Dedications, Alton F. Reeves was honored "as an excellent teacher, a fine scholar, and a gentleman in the true sense of the word." His teaching of the Humanities - music, art, and literature - was his unique contribution to the college. The Preface acknowledged the strong administrative support we had enjoyed: "Full measure of gratitude should go to James Browning, former Dean of the College, for heartily supporting the proposal of the contest and the publication of winning and selected entries."

Every year since 1969, I have received a complimentary copy of PATTERNS. I am grateful and proud of its consistently excellent quality. If we appear to be proud of PATTERNS, let us remember that all of us worked hard, outside of our regular professional responsibilities, and held fast to high standards. Above all, tribute should be paid to the many students who have contributed so splendidly. Many students published in PATTERNS have gone on to earn advanced degrees. Several have gone into teaching and related professions at home and abroad.

Now, in 1984, caught in the current national economic crunch, budget cutting has stripped PATTERNS bare. Gone are the days of free financing by the college. Yet PATTERNS continues because of people who believe in its value to students and to the college. Under the leadership of Patrick Bourke, Division Administrator of Humanities and Communications, faculty, administrators, staff, former students, townspeople, and other friends who believe PATTERNS should not be allowed to die have gone on their own to raise funds. They have succeeded in these past three years.

To you who strive for excellence and contribute to keep this fine project alive, I salute and love all of you.



Butterfly

by Susan Fladzinski

The Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award

Eleanor B. Mathews taught Creative Writing at SCCC. She inspired students not only by her excellent classroom teaching but by her own success as a published poet. Her death in 1982 left an emptiness in the lives of many students, colleagues, friends, and family members.

Last year PATTERNS published some of her poems, her legacy for others in an In Memorium tribute. This year's edition of PATTERNS establishes a living legacy, the Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award, a unique connection for family and friends in her memory.

The monetary award is to be given to the student who, in the estimation of the English faculty, has submitted an entry to the annual PATTERNS' competition, which exhibits outstanding creativity, technical skill, and individual style. The cash award may be divided among more than one recipient.

It is only fitting that the first award be granted to Stephen W. Strobbe for his excellent poetry. His entries this year were judged the best of any category and took both a first and second place in poetry. Steve also studied writing with Mrs. Mathews when he was a student at the college in the late 70s.

In 1979 PATTERNS singled out his work for its continuing high quality for a Special Recognition. That year his critical essay and four poems were published; one of the poems, "Resonance," was dedicated to E.B. Mathews. In 1977 and 1978 he also received first place awards for poetry and in 1978 first place for a critical essay. In intervening years he has taught a poetry workshop for young people and has given poetry readings of his work for students at SCCC and at the Center for Creative Design in Detroit. To Stephen W. Strobe for his continued outstanding creativity, his mastery of technical skill in poetic artistry, and for his singular, perceptive style of writing, we award the first Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award.

First Words

by Stephen Strobbe

I have no new words to give. These
primal utterances are old as underearth
stones grating their definitions
against brotherstones, water breaking
itself in trickles on the waiting
rock, old as the cry of motherbirds

screaming after the lost egg. Woman,
these are the only sounds I can lay
claim to, mouthing first primitive
elongated vowels, messages from the human
muteheart, when nightskies trembled
in thunderous love and fear: hold me.

The Front Room

by Stephen Strobbe

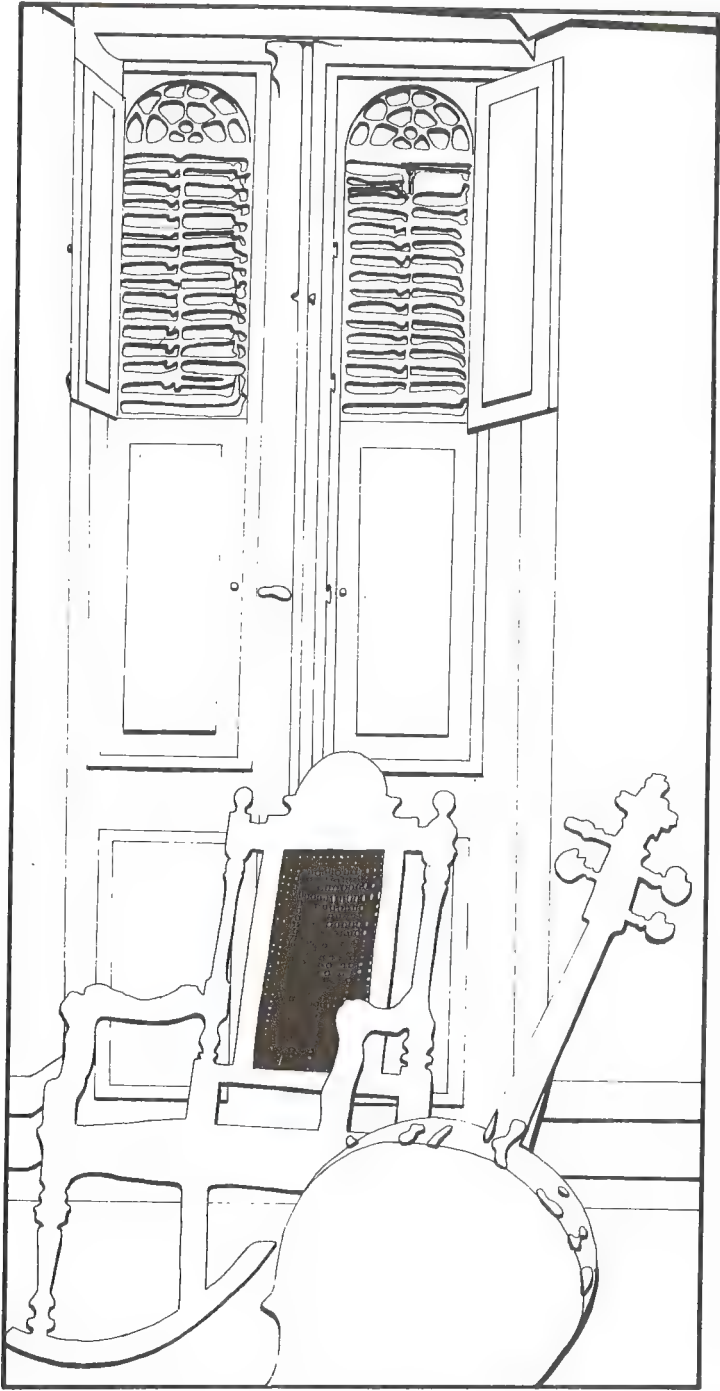
There are our coats: our host
has taken them - - my wife's white wool
wraparound Icelandic, my standard
beige London Fog trench - - and tossed them
on the guest bed. He is taking

my Diana by the arm. She is lovely,
the way she walks away. The black fabric
clings to her
motherly hips, curves up under
the cheeks of her beautiful
behind and there forms a deeper darkness

I have known. We are the last
to arrive. Already the front room is filled
with the obligatory and predictable
drunken gaiety: shrill clatter
of voice against glass
against ice. I look back at our empty

wrappings. Now you and I are universal
symbols, piled high on top of that humping
mound of humanity, my handless sleeve

caressing the tragic
flat, imaginary place where your
rump should be, our outer garments
still emanating warmth.



Conservatory

by Art Schlichting

Old Houses

by Stephen Strobbe

Old bodies go the way
of old houses; joints mysteriously
start creaking, hinges freeze
with rust, foundations shift
and crumble, undermining entire
structures. All my windows are warped,
and sealed shut anyway by the memory
of dried paint. There is a wide path worn through
the wool carpet to my groin, fuses blown
in this gray steel box
of a brain. Front porch steps broken
and no one can enter there. The roof leaks
at the slightest hint of rain. Potatoes
are growing eyes in the fruit cellar.

The pantry is filled with pleasant smells.

At night, noises in the attic
I can't eradicate: footsteps of past
lovers coming back
in what I imagine to be white silken gowns
up rose-colored hallways toward me.



Untitled

by Michael Hart

War

by Mark Donnellon

And when it's over

pressed the fat drunk men in their fresh

fatigues
pack up their cameras and fly home
snap happy photographers
get their last shot in

maybe a burned baby will get them the

PULITZER

smile
and leave

as heroes in the public eye
four star, blue hearts walk

across the strip to an awaiting
747 jet airliner

all packed with standing bar
reclining seats

and a view of the ocean from
the right side window

luxury

at home the family gathers
in front of an 8 by 10 color television

watching intently

reruns
of the action
over dinner

steak knives cut through the soft meat
pleasure

Johnny came marching home today
or at least

what they could find of him
put him in a plastic bag

postmark USA
don't forget trash man comes

Thursday morning, 8 o'clock

plastic bags line the streets



A Child's Dream

Haiku

by Gerard L.A. Smith

Dewed flower petal
Liquid crystal ball rolls off
Dripping to the earth

Talk to Me

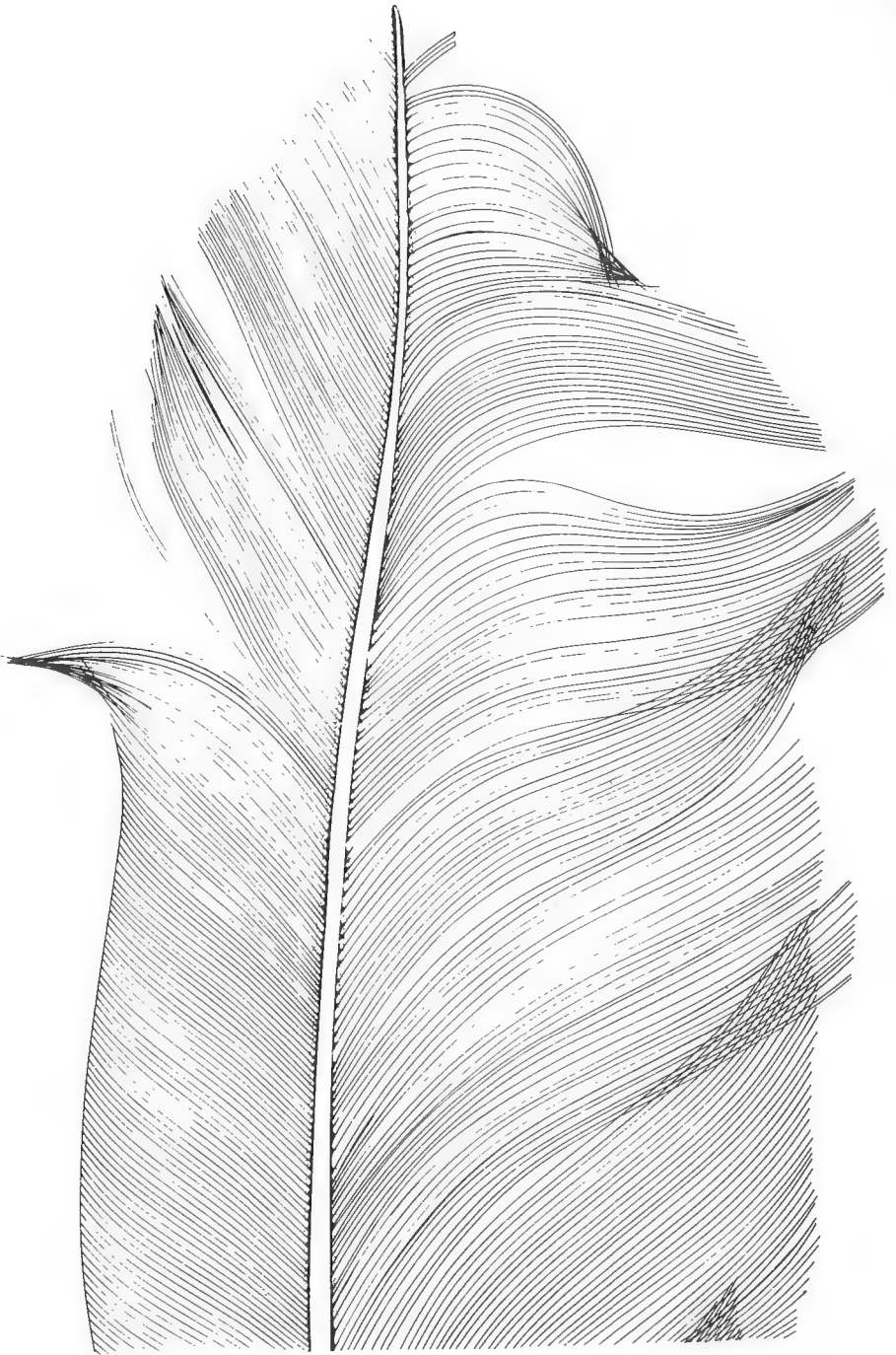
by Kathleen Brooks

Even a dictionary
begins with just

one

word.

Talk to me.



Feather Flow

Haiku

by Joseph G. LeTarte

Concrete Canyons Loom
Blocking the Sun, Swallowing
Bench, and sleeping man

Haiku

by Mike Morris

Moths drift in light pools
Their iridescent wings beat
Into the black night

Haiku

by Mike Morris

**Sunset splendor shines
Across the forest where eyes
Glowing bide the night.**

Haiku

by Mike Morris

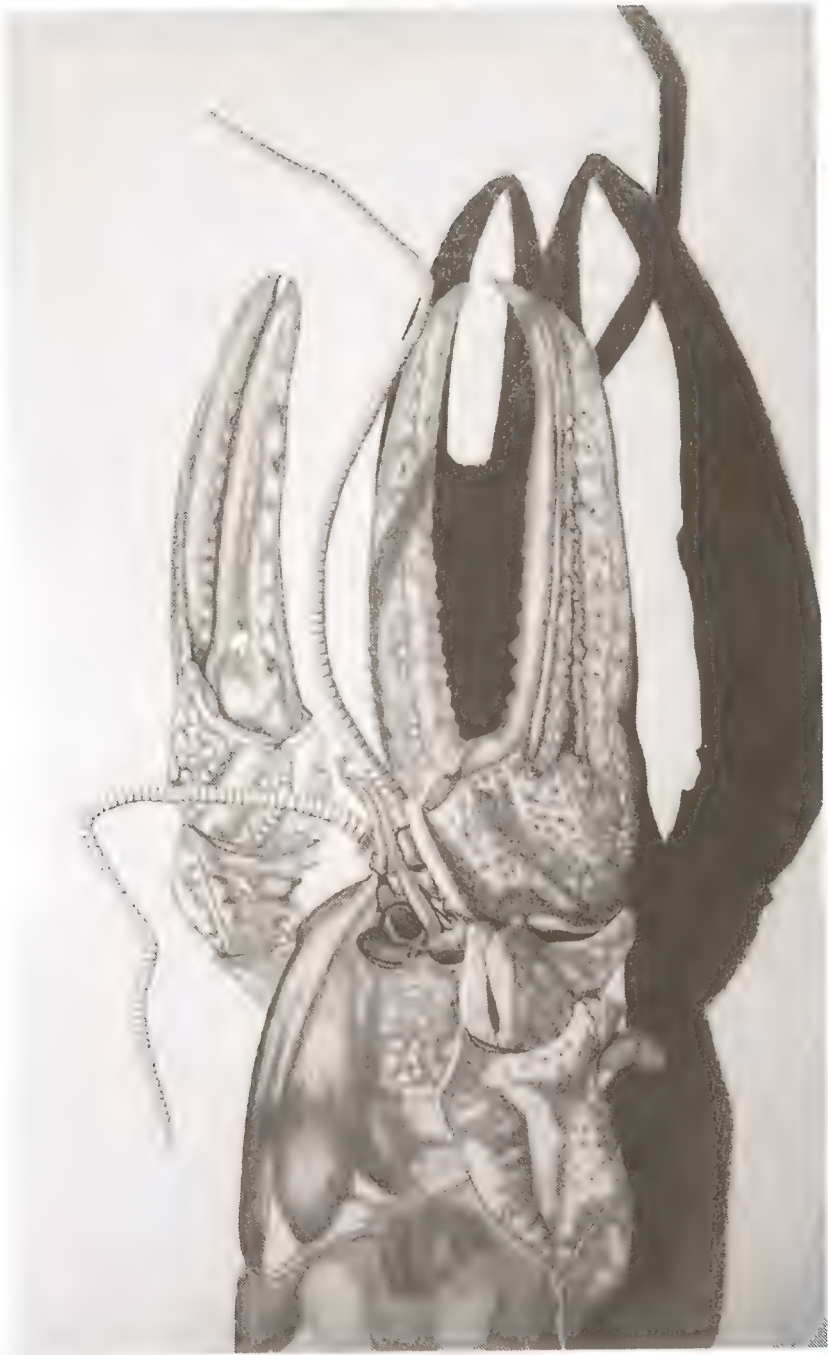
**Luminous fireflies
Flashing like neon comets
Across the heavens.**

What Is a Poet?

by Shelley M. Farnsworth

**A poet is, according to the dictionaire,
someone who has a touch of flair
for creating beautiful scenes
out of mundane words and simple dreams.**

**A poet is one with great creative power
who can work magic with words at any hour
and is able to evoke a special feeling
from a simple thing like an orange peeling.**



Crab

by Barbara Gorko

Fantasy As A Creative Force

by Barbara Soltis

Make-believe has always been associated with our golden "growing-up" years. It is a normal feature of childhood behavior and especially prevalent during adolescence. Psychologists all agree that children need fantasy to explore their feelings and emotions in much the same way that they explore their physical space. Modern educators use fantasy in the classroom to structure creativity and channel frustrations.

But at what magic age do some of these positive feelings toward fantasy end? Fantasy, in adulthood, is accepted begrudgingly by some, or is totally unacceptable to others. We are often bombarded with advice to "settle down" or "snap out of it" when we are caught daydreaming. Why do we often feel guilty when we are "caught"?

There is a bit of Walter Mitty in all of us, and yet we snicker and mock his mental adventures! Admittedly, Mitty does not lead a very productive life and copes with reality abnormally for a great portion of his waking hours. We can be just as abnormal, however, by the rigid structures of our daily lives.

"Being productive" could very easily be the slogan of our generation. "Time is money" is the password in many of our factories, offices, and places of business. We must be very careful not to integrate this attitude into our free time. It has been estimated that the average adult "day-dreams" every ninety minutes whether he is aware of it or not. We must allow ourselves the privilege of idle daydreaming. It can be a powerful force in our lives by creating an effective balance between our inner impulses and the demands of outer reality.

Throughout history, poets and authors have been admired and analyzed. Wondering about the creative ability of men like Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, and Walt Whitman can lead us to suspect they were daydreamers long before they were poets. The level of their understanding, both of themselves and the world around them, must surely have been influenced by their moments of fantasy. While it may have appeared very selfish to be lost in their own thoughts, these creative people saw the world of fantasy as an ego-strengthening necessity in their lives.

Robert Frost must surely have felt strong within himself to have written "Stopping By the Woods on a Snowy Evening." The last lines of his poem, especially, reveal a sense of worth even before the pleasurable face of death:



Pool Shark

**“The woods are lovely, dark, and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.”**

Another beautiful example of self-knowledge can be found in Walt Whitman’s “A Noiseless, Patient Spider.” It is a quaint thought to imagine Whitman studying the action of a spider spinning his web:

**“It launch’d forth filament, filament,
filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, every tirelessly
speeding them.”**

The beauty of his words, though, easily expresses the longing of a soul until it . . . “catches somewhere.”

There is a happy medium between the fantasizer and the realist. In finding that balance for ourselves, we are capable of tapping our greatest resource, our creativity. And that creativity can make our lives enjoyable as well as enduring.



Metal & Shadow

by Barbara Gorko

Gallinger, Who Are You? and, Thank You, Tom Obee

by Judith Anne Russell

How many faces of Gallinger are there? How should we read the man - as the cynical facade or as the real man? In Roger Zelazny's "A Rose For Ecclesiastes,"¹ we see a real characterization of an individual. And, in this characterization, we see the complexity that an individual can be. There is in Zelazny's Gallinger a multi-faceted person - the pedant, the cynic, and the real, emotional man. Zelazny ties all three characters together neatly with six verses of the Book of *Ecclesiastes* in *The Holy Bible*.

Gallinger is a linguist and a member of a scientific expedition on Mars. He is there to study the ancient Martian language. He learns the language and along the way he saves the dying race. He also discovers that he has no place in the world.

Throughout the story, Gallinger alludes to his knowledge. In acknowledging his own intelligence, Gallinger suggests a further driving force in his life - the force of his father, a fundamentalist preacher (and thus *Ecclesiastes*). The boy is knowledgeable and intelligent and has strong ideas regarding the direction of his life; the father is knowledgeable and intelligent and dominant. It is here that we see the development of the boy's cynicism. (p. 642)

It is the father who tells the son that he should be a preacher. The father tells the son that he has the knowledge of languages and that this knowledge is a gift which should be used for the benefit of mankind. (p. 642) But then it is the son who recognizes the father - even while not recognizing the father - and noting:

He had never been cruel - stern, demanding,
with contempt for everyone's shortcomings
(emphasis mine) - but never cruel. (p. 642)

This contemptuous father creates the son's philosophy: "Go, Gallinger . . . Go, learn another world - but remain aloof, rail at it gently . . ." (p. 643)

¹Roger Zelazny, "A Rose For Ecclesiastes," in *The Science Fiction Hall of Fame, Volume 1*, edited by Robert Silverberg (New York: Avon Books, 1970-71). All further references are to this story.

And throughout, Gallinger sets himself above. He is aloof. He is "that damned conceited rhymer . . ." (p. 636) He can call a botanist "a fungus nut, but a fairly good guy." (p. 653) And he can ask for the rose.

But it is not until the end that he can understand Ecclesiastes 1:16-18:

16: I communed wth mine own heart, saying, Lo I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yes, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge.

17: And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit.

18: For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

He is Intelligence; he is more than the crew in that way. But he is less than a person, in that he does not recognize the feelings of others. (p. 662) He is not human until there is Braxa, the alien woman.

In Braxa, Gallinger learns Ecclesiastes 1:9:

9: The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.

Braxa, the love, Braxa, the thing which makes Gallinger a man, Braxa is that which shows Gallinger that his cynicism is real and perhaps - to him - the only thing he can believe in.

Gallinger becomes human through the love of this alien woman. That he attempts to maintain conventions regarding a male-female relationship soon becomes irrelevant, as he sees Braxa as symbolic of her culture (a reverential symbol) and as an attractive woman. (pp. 654-658) She seeks him out to hear his poem about her and he becomes hers because she is. A man of aloofness, a man of intelligence, a man of loneliness - Gallinger simply falls in love. Grant him desire - even grant him appreciation of an individual who represents her culture as he represents his - it is here that Gallinger learns the meaning of Ecclesiastes 1:2-3:

2: Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity.

3: What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?

This love - and its ultimate rejection - reinforces the cynicism of the pedant.



The Swan

by Bobbie Pearl

Gallinger cannot know the awesome task he has unwittingly undertaken. He cannot know that he is to be the saviour of a dying world. Were he to know, he would reject the role. He had already rejected that aspect of his early life, in that he could not recognize his father in many aspects:

And years later, when he was dead, and laid out,
... I looked at him and did not recognize him.
(p. 642)

While consciously considering what he had rejected in his father, Gallinger is much aware of what he feels he must do to save Braxa. In saving Braxa, Gallinger saves a race.

To save a race or not to save a race is never the question; to save Braxa and their unborn child is Gallinger's only goal. Should that child be the salvation of an ancient race is secondary. His effort to convince the dying race to save itself fully represents the pedant and the cynic and the lover that is Gallinger.

Gallinger says, "I finished Ecclesiastes and continued Gallinger." (p. 671) Gallinger is advised that he has fulfilled a prophecy, that he is the holy man who would bring life to the dying race, and that the mother of that life refuses his love. And in convincing this dying race to survive - in reading Ecclesiastes - Gallinger became the " 'Sacred Scoffer' " of legend. (p. 671) In this, Gallinger discovers the vanity of the world.

For while the dying race believed him to be mocking the words of his testament, Gallinger was speaking passionately - not for the race but for the individual. And while speaking passionately for that individual, Gallinger knew that "I did not believe a word of my own gospel, never had." (p. 672) In not believing and in loving, the pedantic cynic becomes even more human when he finally attempts suicide.

And in loving and knowing that he had not been loved in return, how sad it must be for that intellect to reflect on his many faces:

Blurred Mars hung like a swollen belly above me,
until it dissolved, brimmed over, and streamed down
my face. (p. 672)

So it was that I learned to read, to truly read, during that Winter of '81. And this learning experience occurred in a field of literature I considered as not much more than escapist literature, at a level not even approaching Harold Robbins.

Had I had the required English prior to this class? Certainly. And I had fulfilled their requirements fairly well. I was a business student; I

didn't need any more English. I definitely didn't need an English course introducing me to Science Fiction.

But he convinced me and I helped petition for the course. And I took it. And I learned. And, oh, how I read.

There exists a long history of pre-fantasy and pre-science fiction; he chronicled that history. There exist numerous awards for science fiction authors and he listed them: the Hugo (the fan's award), the Nebula (the Science Fiction Writers of America award), and the Pilgrim (a critic's award).

Award winning authors are meant to be read. He had included the best in his course syllabus. It was in this way that I read the best the field had to offer.

I read about three monks: a wilting desert flower who could copy knowledge faithfully but not understand it; an Abbot who understood it but did not have the faith in its proper use; finally, the monk who would leap to the stars with knowledge and with faith, to preserve both. What an ambitious undertaking Walter Miller, Jr., proposes for us in *A Canticle for Leibowitz*.

Robert A. Heinlein gave me a new messiah in *A Stranger in a Strange Land*. This messiah was a stranger from a strange land, who allowed mankind to write on him and then gave mankind a new outlook on sharing water - and love.

Daniel Keyes' "Flowers for Algernon" became the novel *Charly* and subsequently the film "Charly." Keyes questioned the right of men to tamper with the mentality of another; he raised serious doubts about the benefit of that tampering. The parallel development and deterioration of a man and a rat underscores the poignancy of the relationship of a man and a woman.

There were other novels: *A Case of Conscience* by James Blish, *Dune* by Frank Herbert, and, on my own, all of Kurt Vonnegut - all new to me.

There were short stories which heightened my awareness of the era we live in. "The Cold Equations" by Tom Godwin balances the life of a young girl who was excess baggage against the lives of eight men, who are not. Fritz Lieber's "Coming Attractions" told of a future society whose members lived behind masques and terror and sado-masochistic relationships - and loved it.

"A Rose for Ecclesiastes" was the high point for me. The beauty of the characterisation of Gallinger and the bitter-sweet interweaving of love and cynicism made it a story of deep insight for me.

And finally, I read the story "It's a *Good Life*" by Jerome Bixby. He told me that it was a story of an atheist's view of a malevolent God; I told him it was a political statement regarding a petty, little dictator. We had reached the point where we could disagree. And we did - often.

Thank you, Tom Obee.

To Love, Honor, Obey

by Maureen Zimmerman

By exploring the vast world of literature, one can discover every aspect of human emotions. One such aspect frequently explored by authors is the emotion of love. In reading different love stories by various authors, the reader can delve deeper and discover the heart of the distinct relationships shared between men and women. By traveling the road of time back to the late nineteenth century, attitudes toward women as well as the expectations of men of that era are reflected and brought to light. In *A Doll's House*, *The Yellow Wallpaper*, and "*The Story of an Hour*," three women of the same generation are faced with different crises in their marriages. Each one is unique in her approach to resolving her difficulties, but not without a great deal of mental anguish.

The men of the late nineteenth century are depicted in Torvald, John, and Mr. Mallard. These were successful men on their way up in the world. They were proud men. They were the breadwinners who left their homes for the world of business every day. Their schedules were structured and their business affairs encompassed their daily lives. Therefore, when the man of the house arrived home for dinner, he expected and saw to it that his home was his castle. Everything was to run smoothly and his word was law. This is not to say that these men were not loving, caring men, but their manner of heeding the needs of their wives left a great deal to be desired.

Nora, Jane, and Mrs. Mallard were dutiful women who saw and tried to fulfill their husbands' needs. Their chief task was to be doting and giving wives. They were to keep their households running smoothly; they were to be perfect hostesses; they were to cater to the whims of their husbands. There should be no cause for discontent among these women for didn't their husbands provide them with a nice home and other worldly goods? What possible reason could there be for any of these wives to deviate from accepted patterns of behavior?

One trait common among these three relationships is the lack of sharing and communication between the spouses. It was thought that women didn't know much about what occurred in the world of business or current events. They were not to bother their pretty little heads about such details. Such discussions were left to men, and women were not to voice their opinions on such matters. The man of the house always knew best. The women were fragile adornments and their discontent or expressions of needs were usually ignored or passed off as insignificant whinings. Whatever the case, the husbands did not take their wives too seriously.

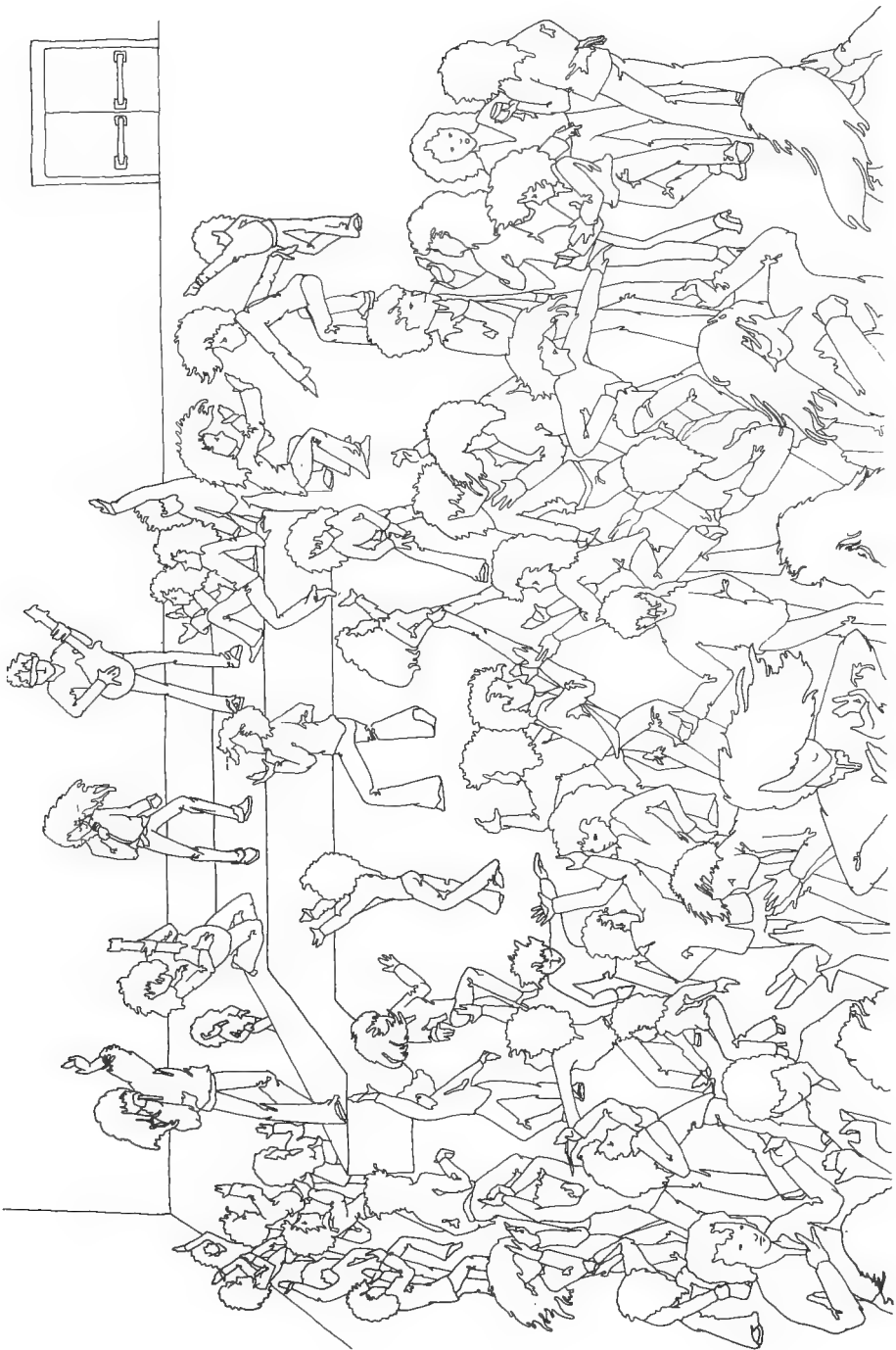
In "*The Story Of All Hour*," Mrs. Mallard's dissatisfaction did not surface until after she learned of her husband's death. After a brief period of mourning, she was overcome with a feeling of freedom. It was then that she realized that she had not had a fulfilling life. She had resolved to make the best of the future time allowed her in order to accomplish everything she hadn't been able to while her husband was alive. When she learned that Mr. Mallard was indeed alive, she died, not from shock of being alive, but from the realization that his living meant the death of her new-found dream.

Jane of *The Yellow Wallpaper* was aware of her need to be useful. She made endless pleas to her husband. Her expressed need to be with other people and her desire to write were cast aside by John's explanation that he knew best. Jane struggled with herself and felt guilty because, after all, John was a physician and he was doing the best he could. Jane felt her only way out was to escape into the wallpaper. Unwittingly, John aided her resulting insanity by removing her responsibilities and forbidding her to write, the one thing she longed to do most.

Nora was by far the most heroic of these three women. The recent events in her life had led her to see that she was not much more than an object to Torvald. She was the mother of his children; she was somewhat witless and somewhat of a spendthrift in his eyes. When he learned what Nora had done to save his health, he immediately thought of appearances and of what others would think. It was then that Nora saw what her life had been. With a firm resolve, she decided to leave Torvald and the children in order finally to do something for herself. She hoped Torvald would later come for her to show that he truly loved her. Nora just simply could not continue her life under the circumstances Torvald planned. It took courage for Nora to leave, but it was necessary if she was to have a meaningful life.

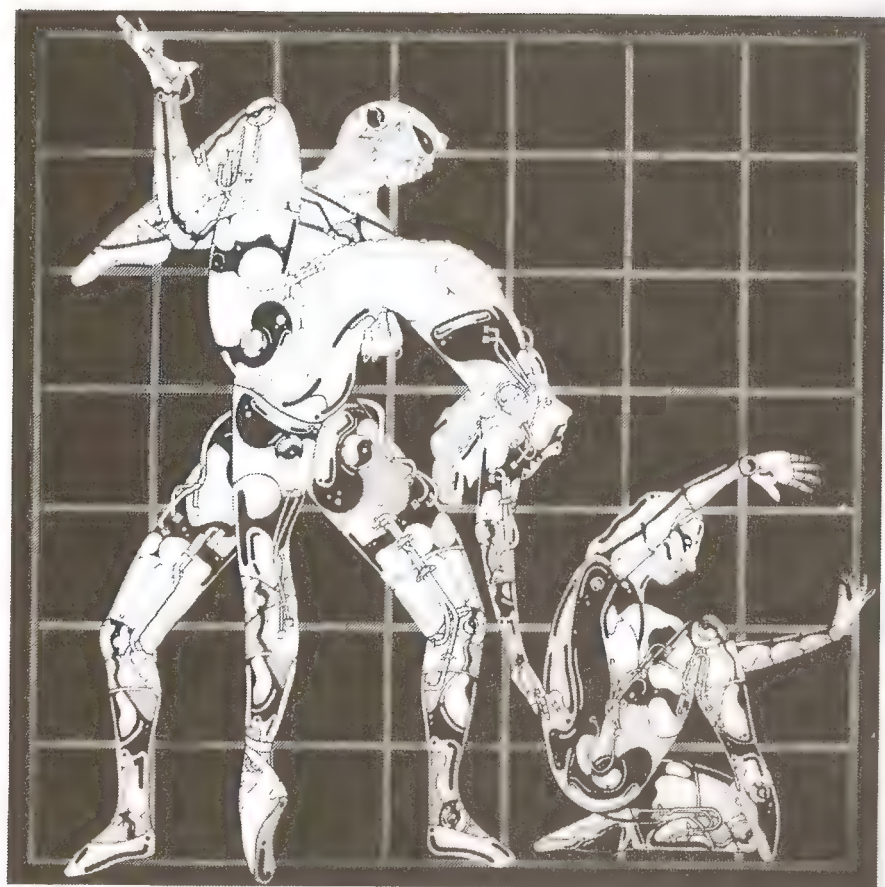
In each of these relationships, communication and expressions of needs were almost totally one-sided. Each marriage revolved around what society deemed proper. There was rarely give and take and there was no compromise. It had to be the husband's way and that was it. Women accepted this role and felt trapped and unfulfilled as a result of it.

Although these stories are fiction, there is much to be learned from them. An understanding of the plight of the characters in these works can be of value to others in their daily lives, regardless of the era in which they were written. The authors enable the reader to feel what the character is feeling. He places the reader in the character's shoes. Relationships between men and women will continue as long as life continues. For these relationships to be successful, loving relationships, one always has to consider the needs and desires of the partner as well as his own. These three literary works portray the unhappiness that can result from the lack of these qualities,



Dance

by Audrea Gorko



Mechanical People

by Barb Gorko

The War

by Gerard L.A. Smith

When an apple fight is over, no one seems to remember who started it. Perhaps it is sparked by a chance tomato (usually rotten), thrown while defoliating the garden, or possibly a decayed squash. Who can remember? When it is all over, no one remembers; all that is left are some hard feelings, because of bumps and bruises, and a desire to have another war sometime soon.

An October day was drawing to a close, the western sky melting into liquid gold. Suddenly, Jay felt it, a stinging, mushy splat on the back of his leg, followed by sticky wetness oozing through the denim of his jeans. He instantly recognized the sensation for what it was: the prelude to an apple war. Spinning quickly, Jay discerned the culprit: Dad. It figured.

Jay's father was certainly a mystery to Jay. One would think that a man in his thirties, of average height and build with an ultra-conservative flat-top haircut would act more his age. But, looking into the man's face, one could detect a certain quality of boyishness. Maybe it was his apple-cheeks, smooth and usually rosy. Or perhaps it was his face in general, particularly the eyes. There always seemed to be an impish, defiant expression centered in them. He was a man of action, always working in the yard and garden, or if not working in them, then playing in them. The most probable reason for Jay not understanding his father was the difference between boy and father.

Jay was the eldest son in their family of three boys and two girls. Maybe that was why he seemed to have a certain maturity about him. Whereas his father would spend his time playing games, Jay would lie in bed and read. His hair was longer, and he was always trying to slip a little more length past his father. His face, in comparison, embodied a rather serious aspect. He also hated to quit reading to help work around the yard.

The first shot had been fired, so to speak, and armies divided just as Jay knew they would: his brother and father on one side, and Jay and the neighbor, a school friend of Jay's who was also a high school sophomore, and was sort of, Jay thought, a big goon. But he was a perfect ally in an apple war. The battle began.

Strategy was an important aspect in these battles, and Jay knew who the better strategist was because he could always whip everyone else at Strategy. He also had read much about strategy. From previous wars, Jay knew that the apple orchard was the most important position for two reasons: 1. There was plenty of ammo and 2. There were lots of trees to hide behind. As he and Marty lay prone behind the driveway embankment, they discussed the possibilities of

how to get there. Tomatoes and apples were splattering around them, lobbed in mortar-like arcs by his father and brother.

“The first thing we need to do is split up,” said Jay, “and trap those drinks in a pincers’ movement. This will facilitate our getting a firm foothold in the orchard.”

“Yeah, yeah,” panted Marty. He really wasn’t bright, reflected Jay.

“Marty, why don’t you belly-crawl along the driveway to the orchard? When you get there, attack them from the rear. I’ll wait until you’re almost there, and then run to the tomatoes and pin them down, okay?” Jayschemed.

“Yeah, yeah,” panted Marty.

Send the meat out for the stuff, thought Jay. He watched as Marty got to the ditch, and ran over the driveway to the other side. The enemy had seen him, and their attention had been diverted. Jay used this opportunity to sprint to the tomatoes and open fire. The projectiles, accurately thrown, began to create messy spots of vegetable matter on the clothing of his father and brother, causing them to turn their attention back to him. This fact gave Marty his chance to dash into the orchard and begin throwing. Jay’s plan was working, and the enemy retreated farther into the orchard.

Jay and Marty re-consolidated beneath a large tree with plenty of fallen apples around it. The sun had gone down, and targets now were only shadows.

“Where’s the Old Pee?” asked Marty, using Jay’s father’s nickname.

“He’s behind that tree on the edge of the orchard,” said Jay as an apple struck the tree from that direction. “See what I mean?”

“Yeah. Weezer must have gotten around behind us, ‘cause there ain’t room for both of ‘em behind that tree,” said Marty, referring to Jay’s brother.

“Yeah, I can see him back by the driveway. All we can do is keep firing both ways. We must be hitting Old Pee, by the sound of it. He’s just too close to miss” said Jay as he whipped two apples at once at the silhouette of his brother behind them. This was calculated to cause confusion and result in at least one shot hitting its mark.

The trade of fire continued, with Jay and Marty sustaining only minor wounds. Suddenly, Jay started as Marty howled next to him.

“Oh God, I’m hit!” wailed Marty, slumping against the tree and rubbing his head, just above the right ear.



Untitled

by Art Bartle

The combination of the cry, which reminded Jay of a cheap war movie, and the fact that for all of his size, Marty was a pretty big baby, made Jay laugh. This was the mistake that ended the war.

“Let’s see how you like it!” sobbed Marty, beaming Jay on top of the head from close range with a rather firm apple. Now they were both sitting beneath the apple tree, sobbing and arguing with each other.

“What the hell did you do that for?”

“Cause you laughed at me!”

“You big baby!”

“Dink.”

“Boob.”

“What the hell is going on over there?” shouted the Old Pee. He walked over to the vanquished foemen. “What are you crying about? You hit me about a hundred times.” Looking at his clothes, Jay saw this to be true. It cheered him up a bit although he was still upset. He was positive that he could have beat them if only that big dink Marty hadn’t turned on him. At any rate, the war was over, and it was time to go in and probably have a couple of beers and playing cards.

In the house, Jay’s brother asked what they were going to do next.

“Let’s play whiz-knuckle,” said Marty, using his special nickname for pinochle.

“Yeah, let’s. Weeze, go make some popcorn,” ordered Jay’s father. “I’ve got the beer. Jay, are you playing?”

“Naw. Get mom to play,” said Jay. He picked up his book and headed upstairs to take a bath and read. He didn’t have the time to waste, playing games like his father. Five minutes later, soaking in a soapy tub, he was still sure he could have beaten him. How did the Old Pee do it? Jay really didn’t understand.



Lady and Sheep

by Barb Gorko



Reverse Perspective

Exercise In Patience

by Frank Heenev

The line was long, trailing along the outside of the music hall, bending around obstacles and around corners like a ribbon lying by the just-opened box at Christmas. The marquee blinked with multi-colored flashes of light arousing excitement for the Frank Sinatra show coming Friday.

Mark had wanted to be in line early like those people up closer to the front, but his job had prevented it. He mumbled under his breath at his frustration with the long wait ahead of him.

"I beg your pardon?"

Mark turned his head and saw that the man in back was speaking to him.

"I didn't say anything. I was just mumbling, I guess. I hate standing in line waiting for these tickets, but my wife just loves this Sinatra and I'm buying the tickets as a surprise for our anniversary."

"Yes, I know how you feel. I had all the waiting in line that I want. Remember when they had the gasoline rationing? Odd-even-odd-even-odd-even. Drove me nuts! I was so angry at those Arabs and the oil companies that I almost considered selling my car."

The line was moving ahead slowly - so slowly. Mark looked at the stranger. He was Mark's size and age. "Must have some kind of a professional job," Mark thought. He had on a blue cap like the kind Norwegian sailors wear. He was neatly wrapped in a casual, not inexpensive, suit. He was clean-shaven and had distinctive bright green eyes. Mark felt comfortable about talking to the man and said, "Me too. That rationing was a real pain in the you-know-where." He pointed to his neck and chuckled. The line moved almost imperceptively. "I had people calling me all kinds of names and making threats on my life, sanity and manhood. I run a service station and I want to tell you, it was a real gas!" He elbowed his new friend in the ribs gently as he laughed out loud. The line crept ahead.

"Are you a mechanic then?"

"Yeah. If I do say so myself, a darn good one. It isn't easy being a mechanic these days. First of all there are many years of training involved. And all those years when you make almost nothing. Then there are all the state board exams just to get the certification needed to practice the trade. You almost have to be a rocket scientist now with all the gadgets on a car. People just won't understand why their car-care cost is up so high. The test equipment alone costs an arm and a leg."

“Hey I know exactly what you mean. By the way my car is having problems and no one seems to...”

Mark interrupted, “Wait a minute fella. I don’t talk business on my leisure time. If you want me to have a look at your car, give me a call and we’ll set up an appointment.” He handed the other man his business card. “I’ll have you up and on the road again before you know it.”

They finally reached the ticket window and Mark purchased two tickets. He waved goodbye to his new friend and walked north towards the shopping center and turning the corner disappeared from sight.

The telephone rang.

“Hello. Mark’s service, Mark speaking.”

“Hello Mark. I met you yesterday in the ticket line. Remember?”

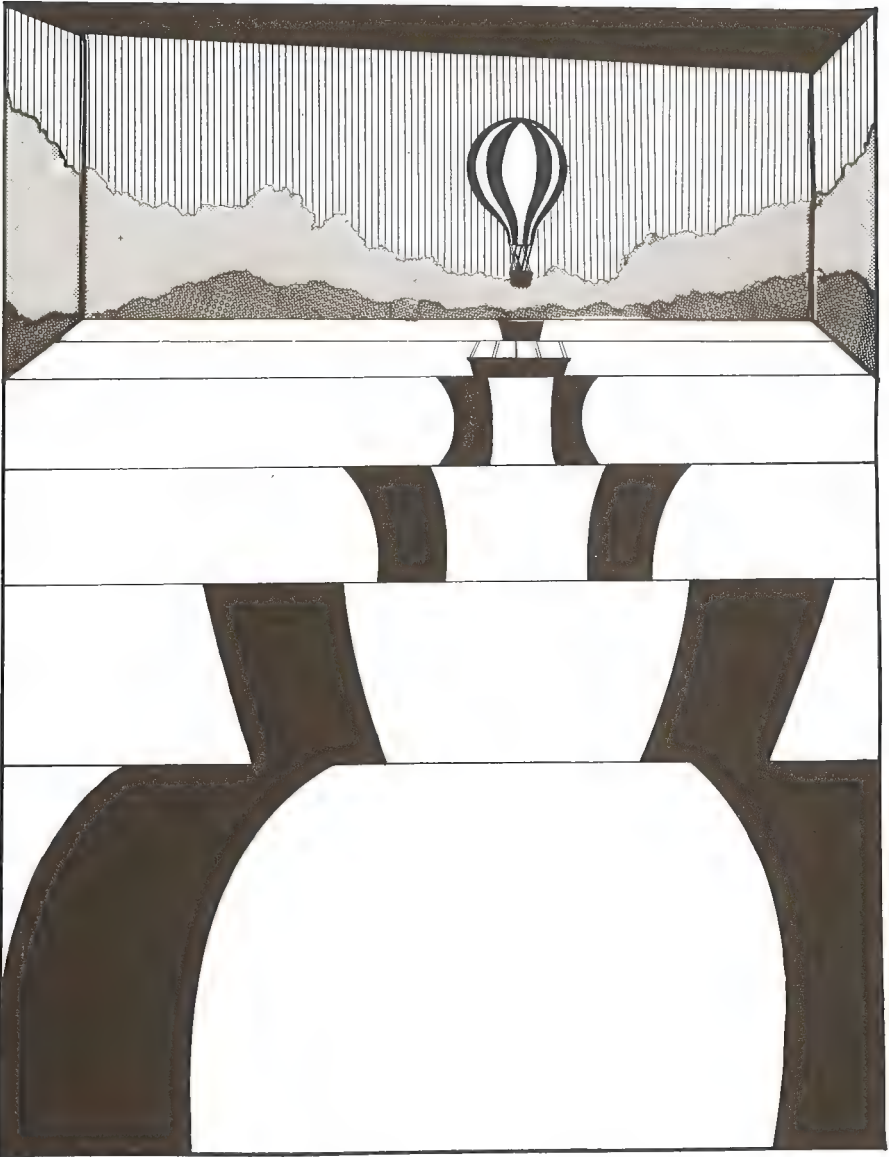
“Yeah I sure do. How’s by you? Did you get the tickets you had hoped for?”

“Yes, I did, and I’m feeling great, but my car’s still doing badly. I’d like you to give it a complete check-up.”

“Let’s see. OK, I have a cancellation on Monday. I can squeeze you in at 2:00 p.m. OK, I’ll see you then.” Mark hung up.

The Lincoln eased through the traffic that seemed too heavy for this time of day. The driver didn’t think it would go so slow. He heard the annoying noise under the hood and felt pleased that he finally had located a mechanic he had confidence in. “Mark sounds like he knows what he’s doing,” the driver thought to himself. He smiled and turned the corner wheeling into a convenient parking spot in front of the station and looked at his watch. 2:00 p.m. It flashed in the black digital lettering of the computer world. He marveled to himself at the advances achieved in electronics in just the last few years. Announcing his arrival, he walked into the station. He was given a form to fill out showing all the identifying characteristics of his auto and told to take a seat in the waiting area. The efficient lady told him that it would be a few minutes because appointments were running a little behind.

In the waiting area there were magazines showing all the technical data anyone would ever want to know about automobiles and trucks: tool catalogues, Oil company propoganda showing how well all the company profits were being used to bring cheaper products to the



Where We Belong

by Josie Lelowicz

buying public, several *Woman's Day*, two *Red Circles* and a *Field and Stream* from 1972, with the first thirty pages missing. Walking seemed to pass the time faster. Reaching into his breast pocket, he found a half pack of cigarettes and realized as much as he wanted to stop smoking, it was times like these that made it impossible. He reached into the pack and slid a Camel into his hand. Lighting it, he inhaled deeply the acrid smoke. As always he coughed. "Damn it to hell," he thought to himself.

"LC 1045," came over the small speaker in the corner. It was barely audible over the sounds of activity in the waiting area. Someone called again.

"LC 1045, the blue Lincoln. Please bring your car around to door three."

The driver started. That was his car. He looked at his watch. It flashed 3:10 p.m. He shook his head and grimaced. He went outside and moved his car from its spot on the street to the front of the garage. Right under the large number "3" painted on the door.

He waited.

Door number three opened slowly. Mark could be seen standing inside the bay waving him inside. He looked at his wrist. It was now 3:45 p.m. He sighed.

"I thought I'd never get in. Are you extra busy today?" The driver said as he stepped out of his car. He walked over to stand next to Mark.

"Yeah, we had an emergency and had to go unlock a lady's poodle from her trunk. Always something in this job."

Mark walked up to the car - circling it from left to right - gently running his trained fingers along the finish, sensing the beat of the cylinders as they fired away under the hood.

"Shut it off," Mark said and then lifted the hood open wide and peered searching with the beam of his flashlight, looking inside the cavern for some obvious malady. He pulled out the dipstick, wiping it off on a clean piece of gauze that appeared magically from nowhere. He re-inserted the slender gauge to check the level of oil. He pulled it out and looked at it.

"How does it look?" the car owner asked.

"Hmmmmm!"

Mark put his ear towards the motor and said,

"Start it up."

He listened for telltale sounds that would indicate a malfunction or leaking valve.

“How does it sound?”

“HmMMMM! We’ll have to run some more tests to eliminate some of the more obvious and common problems. Then we can narrow it down.”

“Will it take long?”

“I’d like to have you leave it overnight to keep it under observation. Why don’t you fill out this form and list all the symptoms you can remember. It may help us to find the problem. Try not to worry,” Mark said encouragingly. “We have some of the most modern test equipment available. This new scope here,” he said pointing to a large vinyl-covered black box, “can diagnose fifty different functions. Don’t worry. Call me tomorrow afternoon. Say around 3:00 p.m.”

Mark dismissed the man with a firm handshake, then went about his business. The man dutifully filled out the questionnaire, then called a cab to take him home. It was now ten minutes until five, too late to go back to the office.

“Hey Lou!” Mark hollered over the noise made by the air compressor. “Get the phone.”

“It’s that guy with the blue Lincoln Mark 6,” said Lou.

Mark picked up the phone and spoke into the mouthpiece.

“Hello, I’m glad you called. Not yet, no. Uh ha . . . look, I’d like to consult with an associate of mine. He’s worked on this type of problem before. I really think you brought it here just in time. It’s good to nip this early while we still have a chance to save it. Call me next week. Bye.”

“Mark’s service, Mark speaking.”

“Hello Mark. Look I’m really getting worried about my car. You’ve had it ten days now and you keep running test after test and still don’t know what’s wrong with it.”

“HmMMMM. Well I’m afraid I have some bad news for you. Your car’s transfer-plane is bad and needs to be replaced. The part is not available new so we will have to await a donor part. As soon as there is an accident and the donor car is taken to the salvage yard, we can

have the part removed and transported here immediately. The specialist I've consulted with thinks the sooner the better."

"Gee, I don't know. This all sounds kind of dangerous and expensive too! I think I would like to get a second opinion," said the owner.

"OK. I also feel it's best to open her up and replace the transfer-plane."

Silence.

"Now please don't worry. This operation is performed all the time. Your car should be as good as new. I'll even be assisting. Nothing to worry about."

"OK. Do what you must. I need the car. I never thought it would become involved to this degree. I feel I have awakened in the middle of a bad dream."

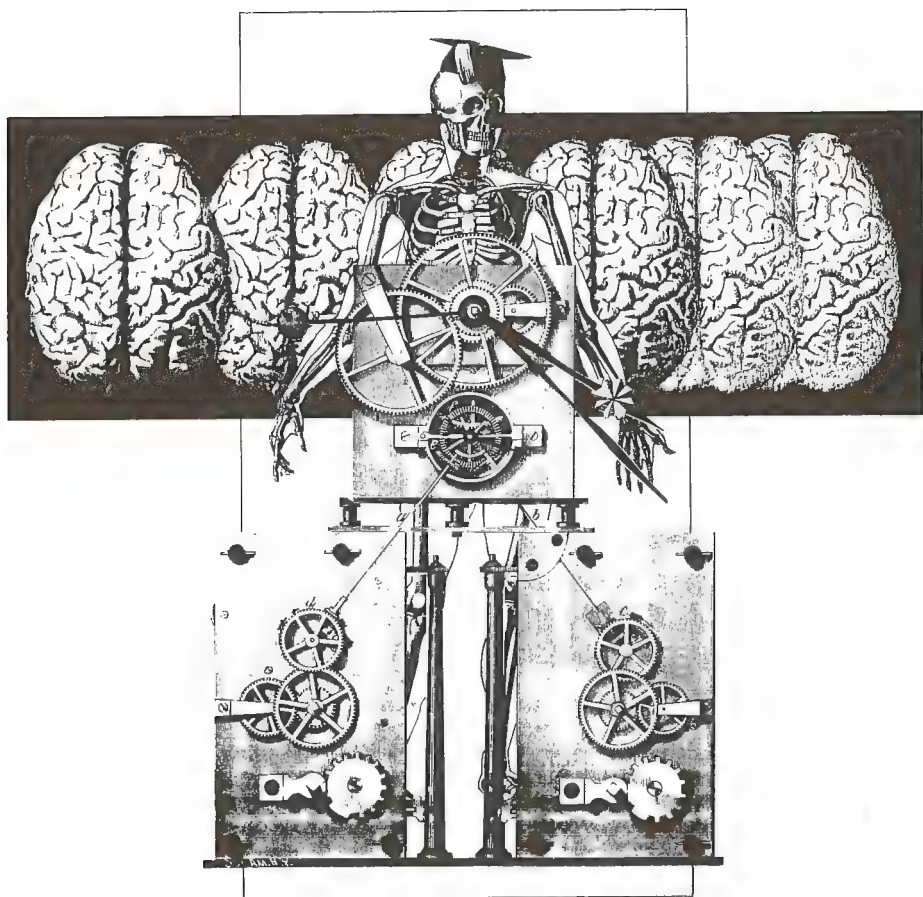
Four days later Mark arrived at work at 7:30 a.m. He was making coffee when Lou walked in ready for work.

"Hey Lou," hollered Mark. "I'm calling the guy to come get his Mark 6 today. I bet he'll be happy as hell."

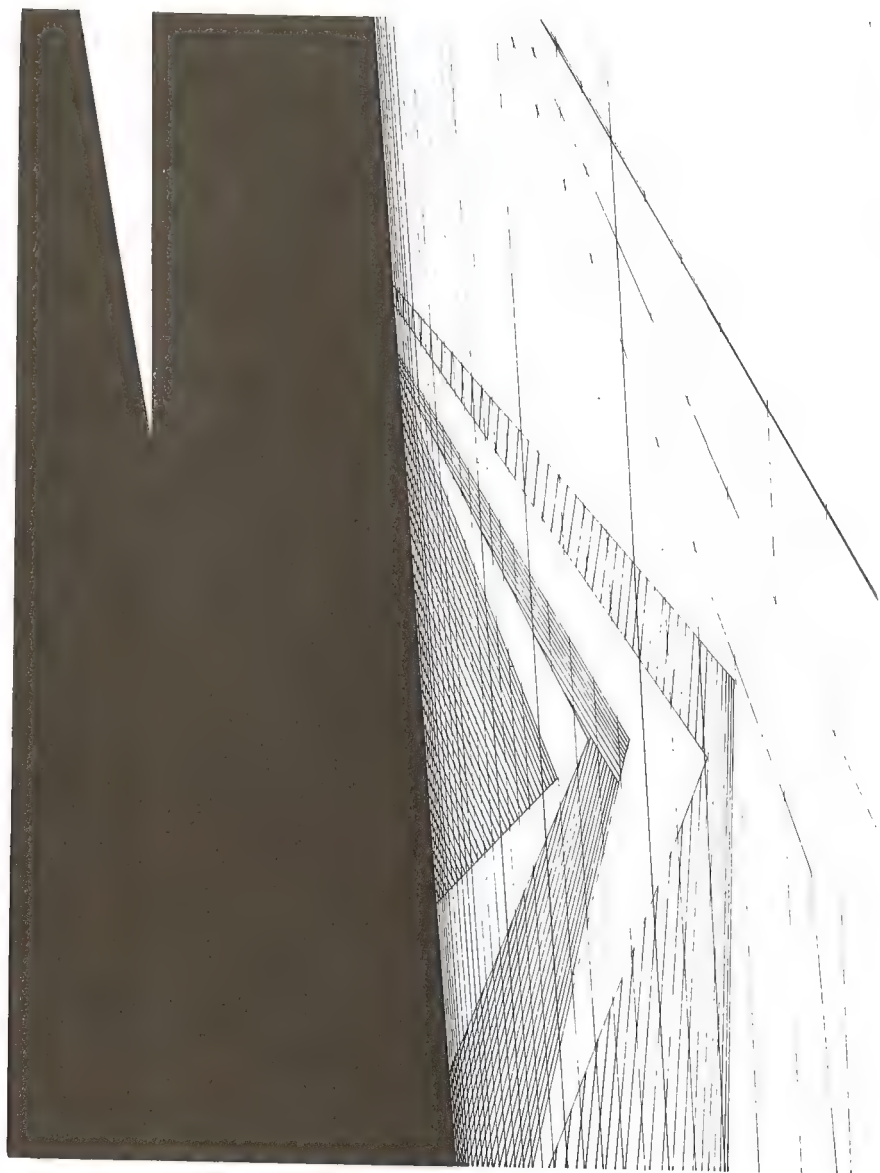
He dialed the phone number shown on the form the man filled out that first day, took out a clean white cloth and wiped off his brow as the phone rang on the other end. The phone was answered and the voice said,

"Hello, Medical Clinic."

"This is Mark from Mark's Service. Tell Dr. Cutter that his car is ready and I'd like to have him come and pick it up as soon as possible. It's been here fifteen days already and quite frankly it's in the way."



The Educational Process



Untitled

by Catherine Ingles

The Dirty White Sock

by Janine Siple

“I’ll never get old and senile,” Nancy declared to herself as she drove her baby blue Camero into the parking structure of the local community home for senior citizens. She carefully maneuvered it into two parking stalls overlapping each space in a diagonal manner so as to avoid any undesired scratches or dents from any ‘crazy old’ drivers.

“Besides,” she thought as she turned off the ignition and opened the car door, “Who’s got time to let herself run down? Not me! Never!”

It was ironic to her how her friend, Shepard, had finally ended up in a place like this. He had always been a man of organization and control, and good advice from him was always available.

Nancy proceeded to walk to the front entrance of the building. She giggled to herself as she made sure not to step on any cracks in the sidewalk. She smiled and flung her long blond hair over her back and looked to the sky. Nope, the sun wasn’t shining again. (The smile disappeared from her face). It never did on these days.

“Creeeaaak!” sounded the door as she drew in a deep breath. Funny . . . she didn’t remember that sound here last time. Oh well! She soon put it out of her mind as thoughts of Shepard captured her attention. He was 92 now! 92! That seemed so old to her! She was only 18. She smiled at the thought of being so young. No, she’d never get old!

She then passed by the reference desk and managed to give a courteous smile to the receptionist. It dissolved as quickly as it had appeared though as Nancy began to wonder what it would be like to live this life, day after day.

“Smells like a hospital,” she uttered and made a hideous face, crinkling her nose.

“No, this would never do!” She proceeded through the colorless lobby and down the hall. Gradually, her disposition seemed to change. It was the halls that really bothered her. They all appeared so long and seemed forever filled with the overwhelming odor of urine. She noticed long, pale faces that eyed her as she passed. Smiles seemed few. Sadness seemed everywhere. It was happening again. This place was swallowing her up, eating her emotions. Hidden tears overwhelmed her.

“God, why can’t you do something?”

The ceilings of the hall, to Nancy, were so low and the walls appeared to be painted with a colorless gloom. She felt trapped in a low,

long, colorless tunnel with no escape. She found herself walking too slow, so she picked up her pace.

Suddenly she approached a small woman in a pink and blue flowered robe moving slowly down the tunnel in her wheel chair. Gradually, the deformed being inched along using only one foot as a pusher. Her white sock was dirty and stretched. It had almost fallen off. Her frail tiny foot, bony and disfigured with time, could barely reach the floor as her thin emaciated body slumped over the arm rest on the right. Nancy forced a smile. Tears choked down her throat.

Doors down the tunnel were left open to reveal what seemed to be mindless beings, all pasty white and bony.

“Help me! Help me!” a small pleading voice of a woman sounded as Nancy walked by. To Nancy, the echo traveled endlessly down the tunnel. She couldn’t stop. Tears continued inside of her.

“Please God, help her!”

She had finally arrived at Shepard’s room. It was on the left, 122A . She knew that Shepard would be in his small room sitting two feet in front of the television watching “Scooby Doo” or “Sesame Street.”

Nancy passed by the two beds and one window.

“So colorless!” she mumbled to herself as she approached him and gave him a surprise kiss!

“Hi!” she said, wondering if he would remember her this week. She turned down the sound on the set.

After a long pause . . . “No, I’m not Scotty. I’m his sister,” she said disappointed.

“Please God,” she thought.

This time the tears were real; they were his. Were they of joy, sadness or despair? Nancy wondered as she observed his misshapened face. His right eye was bloodshot and sagging and his thick lips trembled. Nancy slowly placed her hand on his so as not to startle him. Things didn’t look so good. She forced a smile anyway.

He talked for a while of the old days, days when Nancy wasn’t even a gleam; yet, days she was expected to remember. She had to remind herself that he was old, tired. She looked to his face anticipating a smile but saw only one lonely tear traveling down his cheek.

Suddenly, the lunchtime bell rang which helped Nancy shorten her stay. She gave him a kiss, turned up the set and bid him farewell. As she disappeared in the doorway, she looked back only to see Shepard

laughing at “Scooby Doo.” She smiled in spite of the long tunnel that remained.

Thoughts of the day passed through Nancy’s mind as she hurriedly moved down the tunnel.

“So gloomy,” she thought. “92”

Doors down the tunnel remained opened.

“Pasty white,” she knew.

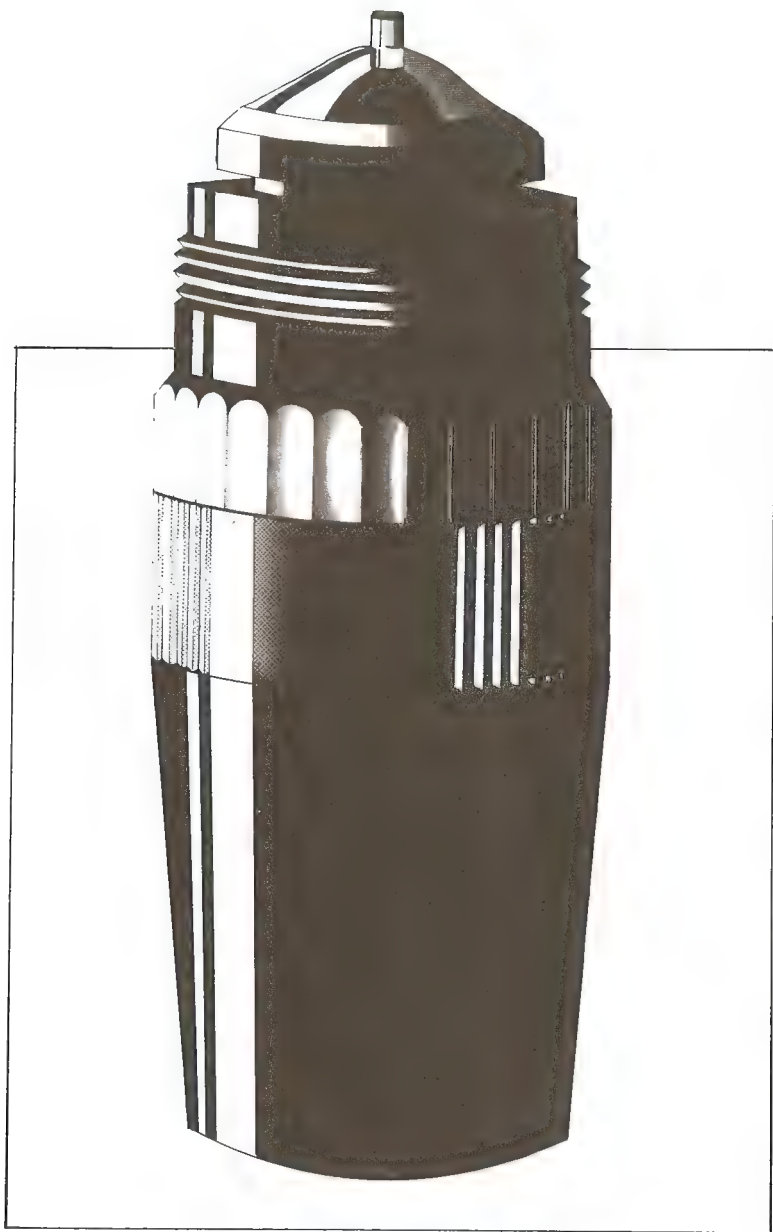
“Help me!” echoed again and again.

A dirty white sock was abandoned on the floor.

The smell of urine became faint.

She was no longer trapped.

Tears overwhelmed her as she thought, “Oh God, I don’t wanna be old!”



Ballistic Pen

by Paul Manz

Did The Andrews Sisters Start Like This?

by Nancy Levy

*"Rivers belong where they can ramble
Eagles belong where they can fly
I've got to be
Where my spirit can run free
Got to find my corner... of the sky"*

The three of us, Robyn, Kim and I, had been practicing this song for weeks. We were going to sing at Honors Convocation - in front of everybody - a jury of our peers. It was an interesting situation, complete with the possibility of being totally embarrassed for the remainder of one's natural life.

But right now, that was the last thing on my mind. We were practicing one last time, on Memorial Day, after a pool party at Robyn's house. The songs sounded great; we all liked "Corner of the Sky", and our class should love the super-schmaltzy "Times of Your Life." All three of us were up for the performance - what could possibly go wrong?

The next morning I found out.

Robyn walked up to me with a rather odd look on her face. She spoke: her voice was reminiscent of the sound of a disposal chewing on silverware.

"Nancy, I can't sing tonight," she croaked.

"Oh my God, are you sure? Sing a little."

She did.

"You're right," I said, "you can't sing tonight."

Now all our problems began. All our songs were arranged in three-part harmony. Quickly Robyn and I found Part II-Kim.

"Kim, Robyn can't sing tonight; you'll have to learn her parts."

"What?" Kim squeaked, "Why?"

Robyn explained, in lawn-mower-like tones, her vocal problem. It was decided that we would practice in the bandroom during our lunch hour.

After an hour of wrangling with notes, phrasing, and harmony, Kim pronounced hesitantly, "Well, I think I can do it." More practice then, after school, with the mike.

This after-school practice was a fiasco. No, one thing at least went right; the piano had been placed near the microphone. This was very important, so Kim and I could hear the piano while we sang. But some members of the softball team decided to watch us practice. One of the girls kept remarking, "Smile; God you look like a zombie!" or "Can't you sing any louder?" Thanks for the confidence-booster, honey. By the time we finished, Kim and I were both nervous, upset, and ready to quit school entirely.

As I drove home from school I felt as if I would explode. Graduation was drawing near and the pressure was on. I'm sure everyone who has been through high school knows this feeling. Exams, college applications, party invitations, announcements, commencement practices: all seem to press around you, until you know something's got to give. That afternoon, the pressure-cooker I was in finally burst.

I was supposed to drive my sister to Port Huron.

By the time I got home it was the last thing on earth I wanted to do. As I backed down the driveway, I thought, "This isn't fair . . . my head hurts so much. I just want to lie down and die . . . Why did we ever say we'd sing? With everything else I have to do, why do I have to cart Julie around too? . . . it isn't fair!"

Then I began to cry.

That evening as we walked slowly into the auditorium, I noticed something had been changed. Of course! The piano had been moved to the opposite side of the stage. Wonderful! Now Kim and I wouldn't even be able to hear the accompaniment.

"And now, the tenth grade Science Awards," our principal announced. These awards had been going on for hours, it seemed. And, as the "Vocal Presentation" inched closer and closer, I began to look for a way to escape. Maybe I could fake a seizure, or maybe crawl under the stage, through the crawl-space and out to freedom, or maybe . . .

"Now, our vocal presentation by Kim Akred and Nancy Levy." We walked onto the stage; I kept telling myself, "I will not fall, I will not fall." Finally, after several week-long seconds, we were on stage. Then the fun part: the mike had to be moved all the way across the stage. This seemed to take an eternity, and I could imagine people thinking, "After all this, they'd better be good."

The moment had come at last. Paul began to play the introduction. The first A-flat seemed stuck tight in my throat, jammed in by my jittery stomach. Positive my voice would fail me, I waited for our cue note. Then Kim and I were singing. The audience liked us!

They were applauding! Finally we reached the last chord of “The Times of Your Life” and walked off-stage (without tripping). Throughout these nerve-wracking minutes Robyn was always there, sitting on the piano bench, turning pages and smiling encouragement to us.

After the ceremony, Robyn, Kim and I hugged each other and accepted compliments from some people in the audience. That felt good.

That was a long, trying day for me, but my friends were there through it all, helping and encouraging me. I remember that day because I felt especially close to my two best friends like the words of our super-schmaltzy song:

*“The good times and the bad you’ve seen
And all the others in between
Remember . . .
Will you remember
The times of your life.”*



Biomorphism

by Darlene Stapleton

A Name Is A Name Is a - - What?

by Elizabeth J. Yeo

Names are labels used for identification purposes. We give names to things, places, animals and plants - as well as people. Probably, back when this labeling process started, each person was assigned one name based on his appearance, his trade, or perhaps his disposition. Before long there must have been too many Shorty's, Baker's and Stinky's, so it was necessary for each person to have to names. For a while, that was sufficient.

As of now, in this part of the world, it is customary to label each new baby with two given names plus the father's family name. This system has worked pretty well for a number of years, but we are beginning to run into a problem again due to the women's lib movement. When Sally Webb marries John Jones she resents giving up her maiden name (Webb) so she wants the two surnames hyphenated. Therefore, her first child will be named Susan Mae Webb-Jones.

Now, in twenty years when Susan Mae is ready to marry a man who also has a hyphenated surname, her children will be named - oh well, by that time the only legally recognized label will be a Social Security number, along with a nickname such as Shorty, Baker, or Stinky.



Untitled

by Catherine Ingles

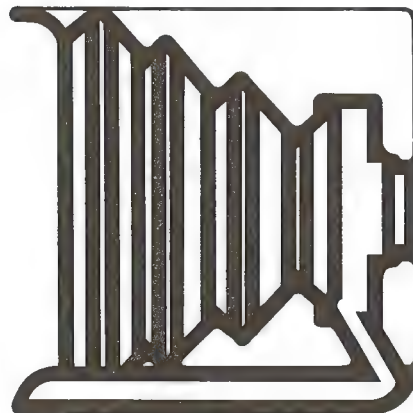
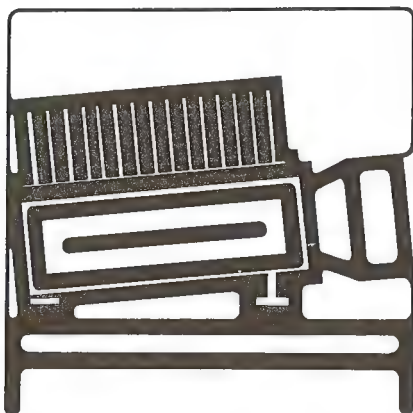
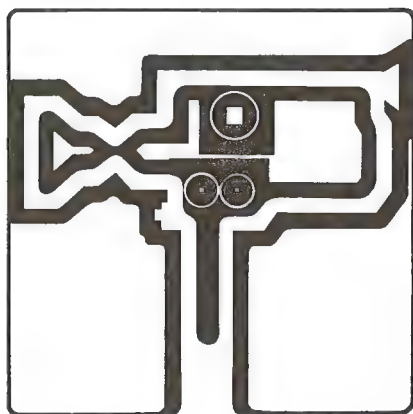
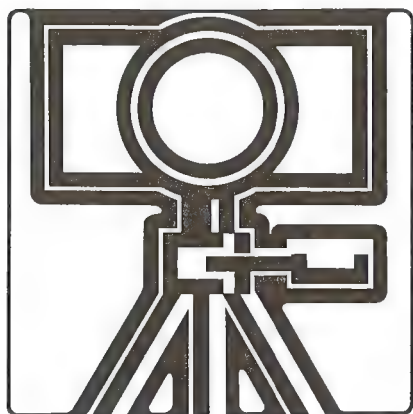
Battle for the Hershey's Bar

by Dottie Benedict

One of the most embarrassing moments in my life occurred when I was sitting in the lounge of a motel. My girlfriend and I had been staying there while on vacation in Florida. She had gone sightseeing early on this particular afternoon, and she would meet me in the lounge for lunch at noon. Well, here it was already 12:30; she wasn't here and I was starving. I decided I might as well get myself a little snack to tide me over, so I bought myself a glass of pop and a Hershey's bar and sat down.

Next to me was a guy reading a newspaper and drinking coffee. I thought I might strike up a conversation with him since I didn't know much about this place; then, I decided against it since you never know what you might run into in this big city. I took a piece of the Hershey's bar and stuffed it into my mouth ravenously. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the guy take a piece also. I thought to myself, "If he's that hungry, then let him." This theft continued on without a word until there was only one piece left. We both dove for it, but he got it and stuffed it into his mouth.

Then he got up, walked over to the snack bar and got himself another cup of coffee and a donut and sat down at a table way on the other side of the room. "What a nerve he had thinking I was going to eat his donut, like he never touched My Hershey's bar." I was so furious with him that I walked straight across to where he was sitting, took an oversized mouthful of his donut while he watched, a shocked look of disbelief on his face, and stormed angrily out of the lounge to my room. When I reached my room, I fumbled in my purse for the key and discovered my untouched Hershey's bar. I wanted to crawl under the crack in the door.



Photographic

by Robert L. Mack

Mirror Image

by Linda Kelley

“I think we can make it . . .” the radio softly sang.

“Uh, urrr. 6:00 already? Man, it feels like I just fell asleep! Oh well, better get myself out of this nice, warm, cozy bed now, or I’ll never get out.”

Sleepily I grabbed for my slippers, robe, and shampoo, and headed for the stairs. Sometime about then, I felt the pressure of a physical need that was wanting to be taken care of. Realizing this, it didn’t take me long to tromp down the barely lit stairway. I made my way to the bathroom and began the routine I must have gone through a hundred times or more in my young existence.

“7:45! I’m cruising right along today!” I said to the reflection in the full-length mirror and she smiled back at me, but as I continued to gaze into the mirror I began to see her as she really was. I looked at the image carefully, so as not to miss a detail: the frizzy, brown hair, the pudgy nose, the confused slant of tiny brows, the sagging shoulders, the slightly noticeable pot belly, and the tiny feet. I saw before me the image of one lonely and lost spirit, searching desperately for its identity, and coming up empty-handed. I could sense her need to escape, to get away from the pressure molding her youthful life.

As the time ticked by, I was filled with an overpowering urge to reach out and become one with the needy, young woman. I wanted to reach through the glass and take her hand in mine but knew this was not possible. Reality was the cruel barrier between us; who dares to cross it?

I didn’t have to ponder the situation for too long, because she had crossed that barrier. Reality, for the moment, no longer existed. She reached out through what was now the open door between two worlds and took my hand in hers.

Tugging gently at my hand she said, “Come with me. You want to know who you are; I am your other half. I can show you things about us that will help you understand.”

I was afraid to move at first, but curiosity insisted I do as she had asked and follow her through the opening. Once I had passed through the mysterious doorway, she let go of my hand and led the way down a white, brightly lit hallway. There were wooden doors on either side of the hall and it was like this for as far ahead as my eyes could see.

One by one, we walked into and out of each of the rooms that were found behind each of the wooden doors. Each room held some

memory, some instance in time that was to act as one of the many pieces of a very large puzzle, holding within them a tiny bit of what goes into making up who I am. I began to see how each of the pieces was going to fit together and anxiously anticipated the opening of each new door. I found that after coming out from behind some of the doors, I was either crying, laughing, or just deeply involved in thought.

Finally, we reached the end of this Hallway of Memories, but the puzzle was only a third of the way finished. On the wall ahead of us was a black arrow pointing toward the left.

“Where do we go now? Do we follow this arrow?” I asked, slightly perplexed. What, I wondered, would I find now?

“Yes. This is the Hallway of the Present. It holds the rooms to our present state of being even though you might not have realized these things existed before now. At the end of this hall you will be able to see how the past has molded you into what you have become today.”

Ummm. Sounds interesting enough, but I’m still a little worried about what I may discover, I thought to myself as we began to turn the corner.

I noticed that over each of the doors, which were now made of silver, there were generalized headings. The first door had the word “color” over the top of it. In this room, I found two black and two white walls with a blue ceiling and a red carpeted floor. On the white wall ahead of me protruded a small box, which resembled a cassette tape recorder. I walked slowly over to it and pushed the “start” button. In a couple of minutes, I heard a voice that sounded very much like my own.

It said, “The colors in this room are representative of your likes, dislikes, personality, and belief that there is no such thing as a shade of gray to anything. In your eyes, it is either right or wrong, good or bad, but never in between.”

“Neat.” It was the only thing I could manage to say when I left the room of “color”.

The next room was smell, then taste, sound, texture, animal, object, and so on to the end of the hall. When I had been in every room and we were on our way back to the Hallway of Memories, I found myself beginning to understand who I really was and how I had become this way, but the puzzle was still only two-thirds of the way done. We reached the corner in silence, each of us searching for something to say; apparently she had been in deep thought also.

Suddenly it occurred to me that we hadn’t gone down the other hallway opposite to this one, and I told her so.

“I knew you would ask about it. That is why I have been so silent. This is the Hallway of the Future. It is the life ahead of you. Treat it with reverence and respect, because this is the one you will walk through alone. I won’t be the one in front of you leading you by the hand. It will be your responsibility to take what you have seen today and what you have learned and use it to draw upon, therefore giving meaning to your life. In this way we will become one. It will not be as difficult as it sounds; I am your mind’s eye. Listen to me, and you will never go wrong.”

After making her mysterious speech that was to have more meaning for me later, she led me back to the opening in the mirror. Once again I was confronted with reality.

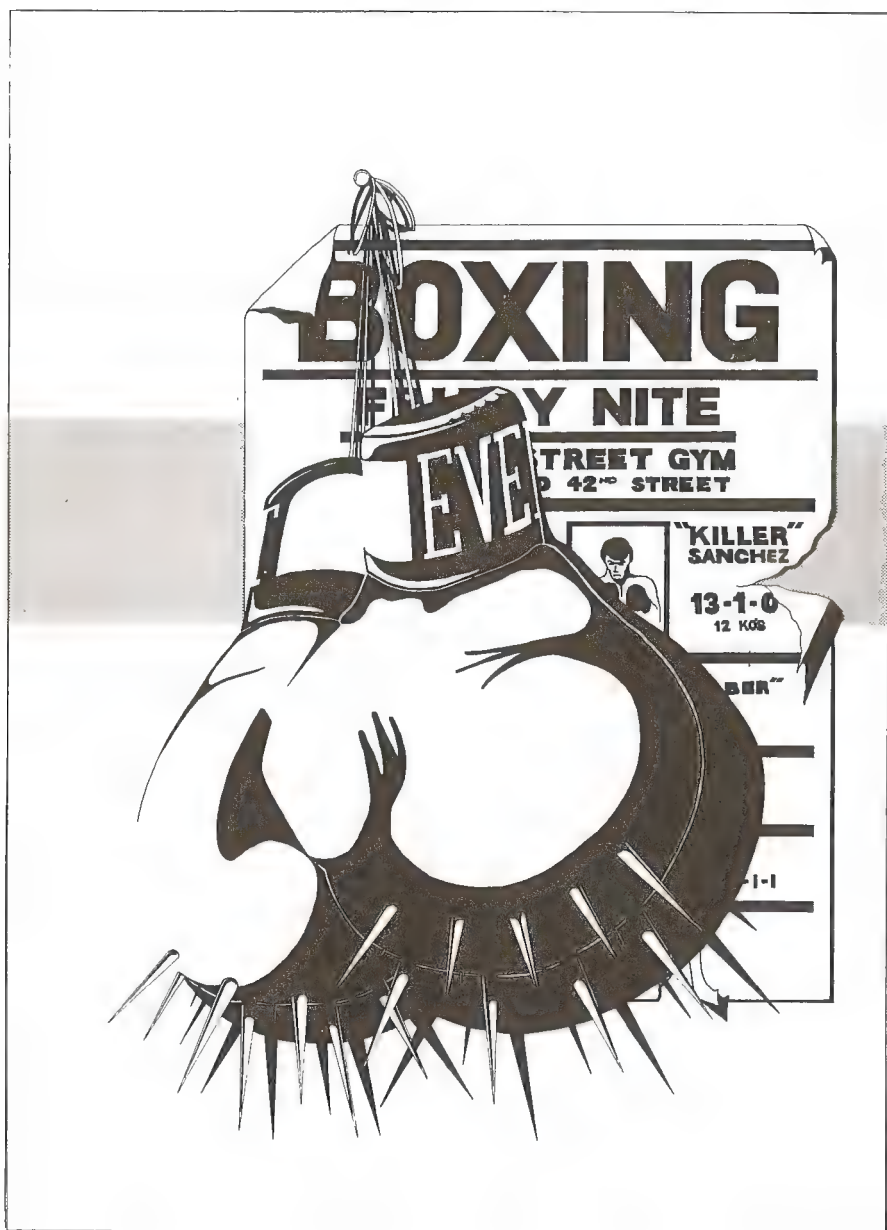
“Linda, your grandfather is here to take you to school,”

“Yes, Mom I’ll be right down!” I yelled back down the stairway.

I turned to thank my “other half,” but saw only an empty reflection looking back to me.

“Oh well, thanks anyway, wherever you are,” I whispered to the mirror, and for an instant it looked as if my reflection had winked at me.

As I turned from the mirror and began walking down the stairs, I got the feeling it was going to be a beautiful day.



It's a Living

by Scott Mallwitz

Out Of These Walls, From These Pages

The question often arises: "Whatever happened to . . .?" Motivated by interest, inquiry, and speculation on former contributors to PATTERNS, several people volunteered pieces of information for us to share with readers of this Silver Anniversary edition on what happened to some students after they left PHJC/SCCCC.

The founder of PATTERNS, Blanche Redman, started this student follow-up in the 6th edition when she reported that Russell Chambers was working on a Master's degree in English at the University of Michigan; H. Don Phillips had had poems published at Western Michigan University and was going into graduate school for writing and teaching; Jerry Van Slambrouck was majoring in Interior Design at U of M, and Caroline Blount majored in Fine Arts at U of M.

Since that first report Russ Chambers completed his Ph. D. in English from U of M and teaches English at the University of Kano in Nigeria, Africa, and Caroline Blount received her M.A. in Art Museum Curatorship. In the report that follows, we share what little we know of what happened to other students; we hope you'll enjoy it and share with us what you know of others. It is interesting to follow some into careers or continued association with creative arts, but it is equally as interesting to recognize that people who pursue many different occupations have been touched in their lives by the expression of the arts.

Ritchie Hall deserves an early mention in this account as he had work published in 1962 and 1964 and returned to SCCC to study Data Processing and to win again a first place with a short story in the 24th edition of PATTERNS. His many hours volunteered on the past two issues ensured their distribution as he literally assembled most of them.

Catherine Guitar joined the Peace Corps to teach English in Philippines. Margaret Odgen, Phi Theta Kappa at U of M, became a teacher of English and Speech. Another prolific writer, Marianne Sari, taught Oriental languages at the University of Hawaii. Chris Blume retired recently as Director of Medical Technology at MSU. Mary Jill Stewart originated the first SEMTA bus system in Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Lorolie Brown became a teacher; Patricia Simons is active in the St. Clair Community Theater. Ruthette Cressman Mills teaches in the Upper Peninsula, makes puppets of characters from well known operas for MOT, and has taken part in the Copper Country Writing Project. Vivian Mattic became a dental hygienist and planned to pursue a dental degree. Eric Malooley was featured in an article in the Times Herald last year for tutoring students at SCCC where he has returned to pursue a nursing degree. He continues to write poetry.

Another former contributor who tutors students is Jean Scott, who has her bachelor's degree from Western Michigan University; she is the daughter of former English instructor, C.E. Scott. Ruth Kodet lives in Port Huron, writes, and occasionally takes a class at the college. Dan Kivel pursued a degree in English, concentrating on creative writing, at Oakland University where his work won awards.

Angela Andino Rochon received her M.A. from U of M and founded ARA Associates which coordinates professional development seminars. Louise Hoskins is a Probation Agent with the Michigan Department of Corrections in Port Huron. Alan Erickson attends college in Oklahoma. Patricia Belczynski is Marketing Representative for WLT Software Services in Mt. Clemens.

Robert McCarty is in Port Huron heading McCarty and Associates. Dan Dacey taught in the art department for a few years. Chris Edington works for a business in Port Huron; Terry Pettee also works in the area. Myrna Turnbull is in Toronto, while Christine Klieman lives in St. Clair where she is active in the St. Clair Art Association. N. Knowlton is a teacher in the Port Huron Area Schools.

Albert Young is an artist in the Birmingham area and teaches glass. David Buffington is an Art Director with Chidester and Associates, while Larry Conely is with Young and Rubicum in Detroit as an Art Director. Mike Ward is the senior art director with Donor Advertising in Detroit; Donald Taylor is an artist with Bechtel Corp.

Albert J. Lewandowski, Jr. teaches in the Port Huron schools. James McPhee is a petroleum engineer in Texas. Connie Sassanella is a Lutheran minister in Ohio. T. I. Morrison pursued a degree in physics. Pam Pierce is a teacher in Ohio. Susan K. Whitsitt is a lawyer in Florida.

Stephen Strobbe works in a psychiatric hospital in Ypsilanti. Gerard L.A. Smith is in the undergraduate theatre program at Wayne State University and had an excellent role in "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie." Dottie Benedict is taking another course in Creative Writing at Eastern Michigan University.

Jane R. Grosor was editor of the *Algonac Courier* and writes occasionally for the *Richmond Review* and *Independent Press*. Nancy L. Marshall received her law degree and now practices in Port Huron. Richard Curtis is an electronic engineer in the East. Tamara Francisco works as a secretary at the City/County Building. June Bennett has published her first book of poetry.

Marilyn Newton is a research assistant at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. Michael Pitzer is an Art Director in Los Angeles, California. Anne Kennedy works for an advertising agency in Chicago. Jeff O'Connor is a studio illustrator in Chicago. Larry Dodge works for an ad agency in Troy and in February had a one-man show at the Art Gallery in Algonac.

Cindy Willey is a student in psychology at the U of M. Debbie Bassett works at J.C. Penny in Port Huron on art displays, while Marianna Gronek does the window displays at Sperry's.

Many of the art students pursue their art careers further at the Center for Creative Design in Detroit. Among those are Gayle Priehs, Donald Johnson, Jeff Froggett, Markel Briones, Paul Manz, Andrea Gorko, and Scott Smith Taylor.

Judi Taylor is in Atlanta, Georgia, working for an ad agency. Sally Tesluk moved to the Southwest. Carlos Patron and Maria Martinez were exchange students from Mexico who returned there to complete their schooling. Gary Schmitz worked in Texas and returned to study at U of M; he hopes to become a community college teacher. Rita Repp went to U of M to study architecture.

Charlene Richter works for a bank in the Thumb. Jan Kernohan works the night switchboard at SCCC and continues to write. M.K. Callahan works in food services. Sylvia Wood continues taking a class or two at the college while pursuing her love of entertaining with music as Pixie Wales. Mike White is an artist and has shown his work at local art fairs. Holly Markel does newspaper layout. Joyce Knight continues her studies at Eastern Michigan University.

Judith Anne Russell is a student in the Business program at Wayne State University. Mark Buckley is working full-time at the Port Huron Hospital and attends art and theatre functions. Alan Erickson is at U of M. Greg Payea works in Detroit at an ad agency. Irene Murphy works for Sperry's as an artist. Sheila Foley Switzer is assistant to the Director at Mercy Hospital.

Diane O'Neill works for the United Fund in Port Huron. Roger Thomas went to Oakland University. Brian Berry lives in Marysville. Christine Roose is about to take a job in New York with an advertising agency. Jeanne Bowman is a cocktail waitress in TR's. Beve Kreger pursues an active life in Port Huron. Several are still at SCCC, like Robin Babel and Richard MacNall who are completing the nursing program.

In the past 25 years over 550 students have had their work published in PATTERNS, beginning with just four in the first edition. We have lost track of many; perhaps we are not as current as we could be on some, but the interest in students who have shared their concerns, their dreams, their ideas within the pages of PATTERNS remains. We hope the readers of PATTERNS have enjoyed reading about "Whatever happened to...?"

P.S. - In Retrospect: An Update

In 1970, after Miss Redman's retirement, Richard J. Colwell, with the aid of members of the English and Art departments, continued the challenge of publishing PATTERNS. In addition to promoting student creativity in the verbal and visual arts, the publication also recognized unique contributions by faculty and administration to the college, especially to PATTERNS and to the students. This pattern had begun under Miss Redman with the recognition of Dean James Browning, chief administrator of PHJC, and Alton Reeves, instructor of English. Others selected for this honor are listed:

- 1970 - Dedication to Ione Lautner, Librarian, for her "many years of devoted service" and her "vital interest in the development of the expanded library services."
- 1976 - Dedication to Chet Aubuchon, Dean of Students, for using his office "to create policies and an atmosphere that would induce personal growth and learning."
- 1977 - Dedication to Alma Falls, Teacher of Mathematics, for encouraging and inspiring her students "with love for all life."
- 1978 - Dedication to Ruby Clemons and Eleanor Mathews, Teachers of English, for sharing "their love for the beauty of language and the truth of literature."
- 1979 - Dedication and In Memorium to Jack Hennesey, Teacher of Art, for his "ever-present good nature and his devotion to his students, his friends, and our college."
A Special Recognition to Stephen W. Strobbe, an outstanding and talented student author.
- 1980 - Dedication to Clarence Scott, Teacher of English, for his "deep and abiding love of the English language."
- 1981-82 - (23rd edition) - Dedication to the many Friends and Patrons of the Arts whose financial contributions preserved the publication of PATTERNS and to Ray Pierotti, Teacher of Art, whose innovative exhibits brought a new standard of excellence to the SCCC galleries, for together they all believed "that the study of humanities and man's artistic expression is essential to education and to life." In Memorium tribute to Clarence E. Scott.
- 1981-83 - (24th edition) - Dedication to Dr. Gordon DaCosta, Teacher of Biology, for representing "what's good and and right about American education - the finest of dedicated instructors." In Memorium tribute to Eleanor B. Mathews.

Increased student participation, increased entries, increased costs of publication eventually led to decreased financial support from the college budget in 1981. The years of innovative expression by students needed to be matched by innovative alternate funding and in-house publishing. These factors contributed to delayed editions. Thus the year no longer was prominently displayed, rather it was the edition. In June 1982, the 23rd edition was released at the first publication party. The 24th edition had its coming-out party in the fall of 1983. June Bennett, a former student who had her work first published in PATTERNS, spoke about what the community college, its classes in Creative Writing, its publication of her poems, had meant by inspiring her to publish her own book, *Inside the Poet's Mind*. Now as a distinguished donor to PATTERNS, she exemplifies personal commitment to the creative arts, both for her and for students who are first published in this literary and fine arts magazine.

The Silver Lining: Friends Of The Creative Arts

For the third year publication of PATTERNS has depended upon contributions from Friends of the Creative Arts. Such financial support is crucial to the continued existence of the SCCCC magazine which has long been recognized and praised for its fine quality of student work.

The ominous threat a few years ago which seemed ready to end one of the few remaining traditions at the college proved to have a silver lining: persons in the community and at the college who believed in the value of a literary and fine arts magazine for students. One of our finest community supporters for the past three years has been Bess Mueller. At the college it is the Student Government whose budget allocations for PATTERNS have also guaranteed publication. Added to these sizable donations are the significant contributions of other Friends.

Donations to the Silver Anniversary Edition, received from September, 1983, to March, 1984, are listed in three categories:

Distinguished Donor - \$100 and above

Patron - \$25 to \$99

Friend - Up to \$25

Today at SCCCC as elsewhere, the support of the creative arts is in the hands of individual contributions. Won't you, too, consider sending a donation and becoming one of our honored friends, patrons, or donors for the 26th edition?

With deep appreciation for their support of the Arts and their belief in artistic expression and its importance in education, we present to our readers - our distinguished donors, our patrons, and our friends:

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(Contributions of \$100 or more)

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For the 26th Edition of Patterns . . .

I believe that man's artistic expression is essential to education and to life, and I want to contribute to the continuance of such expression at St. Clair County Community College.

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